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KING GEORGE V

KING GEORGE is dead, and the nation mourns—and mourns sincerely—an honest gentleman, a wise sovereign and a devoted servant. His reign of twenty-five years was a period of rapid transition. It was fraught, alike for him and for the country, with exceptional dangers and difficulties—constitutional crises, social unrest, the threat of civil war, the reality of the world war. His task, when he succeeded his father, in middle age but relatively inexperienced in affairs of State, was formidable. He faced it steadily and he mastered it by his own solid and simple qualities. And by those same qualities he won first the respect and eventually the affection of the people. The Jubilee celebrations last summer proved to all the world the personal popularity of the King. George V was an Englishman whose qualities and tastes and pursuits appealed irresistibly to the mass of his subjects. He had dignity without ostentation. His private life was irreproachable. His happiness in his own family broadened out into a generous sympathy with the joys and sorrows of the millions whom he thought of as his larger family. He loved the country and the sea; he took his part in the sport of kings, and was a keen spectator of the sports of common men. A shrewd Frenchman has called him the "crowned bourgeois."

Nor was this all. He stood high in the esteem both of the few and of the many for the skill with which he did his job as a constitutional monarch. He had not all the qualities of his father or his grandmother, but neither had he—happily for us and for himself—the defects of their qualities. He was serious minded and fundamentally modest; he brought to his task a conscientiousness, a capacity for hard work, and a certain common sense which were of greater service than brilliant intellectual gifts. King George stands out as the best of his long line. "The first two Georges," said Bagehot in a celebrated passage, "were ignorant of English affairs, and wholly unable to guide them, whether well or ill . . . George III interfered unceasingly, but he did harm unceasingly; George IV and William IV gave no steady continuing guidance, and were unfit to give it." George V was free of all those reproaches, and of others that might be brought against Victoria and Edward VII. To say that is not merely to praise him for negative virtue. He had the positive virtue of being able to work on the happiest of terms with successive Liberal, Conservative and Labour Ministers. When the still obscure constitutional history of the period comes to be written we believe that the King's talent for getting on with people of many types and opinions will bulk large.

More Talk About Oil

The opening proceedings at Geneva were overshadowed by the death of King George—to whom notable and sincere tributes were paid by the representatives of many nations. On Tuesday evening the Council of Thirteen decided, as everyone expected, against any new "peace moves" in the present circumstances and against the futile proposal to send a Commission to Abyssinia. The all important question of oil sanctions was taken up by the Committee of Eighteen on Wednesday, and this decision was again what we expected. A committee of experts is to be appointed to inquire into the application of an oil embargo. That means further delay in resolving to do what ought to have been done long ago. Nevertheless, the position to-day looks more hopeful. The anti-sanctionists have lost ground, and may be further weakened by M. Laval's fall. America's attitude is favourable, and the fear of Mussolini running amok is very slight in face of the explicit and emphatic assurances by France, Greece, Turkey and the Little Entente that they will support Great Britain in the Mediterranean. Though the British Government has chosen to put itself on the fence, we can hardly believe it will dare to come down on the wrong side. Other States are in earnest, and M. Titulescu, in particular, insisted that the experts' inquiry should be regarded as a definite step towards the enforcement of the oil embargo, and not as a device for getting out of it. Apart from this, the most important business before the League Council is Danzig. Mr. Eden, as *rapporteur*, took a strong line about the misbehaviour of the Danzig Senate, and the matter is still under discussion as we write.

Dr. Schuschnigg in Prague

Dr. Schuschnigg has been to Prague to give a lecture and discuss commercial matters; but the political significance of his journey could hardly be concealed. His very lecture condemned customs barriers and was a move towards that Danubian co-operation which could only become genuine when Mussolini ceased to sponsor it. Prince Starhemberg's rantings at the Patriotic Front rally on Sunday were countered by Dr. Schuschnigg, who renounced the use of such words as prestige, revenge and the like. Some such self-denying ordinance is a necessary condition of any *entente* between Vienna and Prague, for "recriminations," both verbal and economic, have been far too common. It is always dangerous to put high hopes in political travelling, yet several circumstances in Central Europe promise well for the outcome of Dr. Schuschnigg's visit. Since November at least the Austrians have recognised that Italy can no longer give them effective help. They have once more rejected a German solution, and Germany on her side shows signs of backing the Austrian Nazis again. An approach to Prague by Vienna is an approach both to the Little Entente and to the League, and the Christmas amnesty, favouring "Sozis" rather than Nazis, suggested the same inclination. In spite of "Kaiser Otto" Czechoslovakia in her turn is eager to respond, for her unemployment is increasing and Henlein is strong. The Premier and Foreign Minister, Dr. Hodża, stands for a general *rapprochement* among the Danubian States, though Nazi influence may impede him in Hungary. On the side of Poland the tension is already appreciably less.

Poland

The indications of a more liberal and less Germanophil tendency in Poland have been multiplying. Colonel Beck's statement on foreign affairs, in which he made pro-League and pro-British gestures, was perhaps the most striking sign of the times, even if Danzig was primarily responsible for his attitude. The Polish amnesty was another good sign, and so also was the recent rally to the regime of the Ukrainian, Celewicz, one of the leaders of the biggest minority in the country. Poland, however, is a very long way from committing herself or even from being able to commit herself, and if the harsh sentences passed upon the Ukrainians involved in the Pieracki business hold good, Ukrainian opposition may flare up again. The growth of Polish Nazism on the one hand, and of agrarian Bolshevism on the other, makes it exceedingly difficult to go back to liberal-democratic standards. Everyone knows that the liberal Koscialkowski-Kwiatkowski Cabinet is weak, and that it hangs on a precarious balance of liberal ministers against illiberal colonels, with Soznkowski and Rydz-Smigly in the background. In the last resort, the decisive factors are Rydz-Smigly and Geneva. The Polish army is really devoted to Rydz-Smigly, who is no lover of Germany. If a strengthened League emerges from the present troubles, Poland would probably follow Britain and even regard Russia with less aversion.

Egypt and Britain

It is very satisfactory to know that the British Government are ready and anxious to negotiate a treaty with Egypt. But it is unfortunate that they should have begun by laying down preliminary conditions of such a nature as to cause new trouble. The Egyptians have apparently been told that they must have a really representative Government, without waiting for the elections. On this Nessim Pasha has resigned, and King Fuad has requested Nahas Pasha, the leader of the Wafd, to form a coalition Cabinet. Nahas objects, not unnaturally, since he is confident of the Wafd getting a handsome majority at the polls. He prefers, therefore, to bide his time and form his own Government; but he undertakes to include representatives of the other United Front parties in the treaty-negotiating body. If agreement cannot be reached on these lines, there will probably be a new Cabinet composed of the non-Wafdist elements in the United Front. That may look well on paper, but it will almost inevitably mean difficulties before long. The Wafd commands the great mass of popular support, and there will be no peace with, or in, Egypt unless it can be satisfied.

Isolationism and the Philippines

The President of the newly inaugurated Philippine Commonwealth Government is clearly determined that the withdrawal of American control from his country shall mark a real change of policy. He has cancelled thirty-one exploration permits granted to oil companies and has announced that oil production in the islands is not to be run by "a handful of capitalists." Such a flagrant act of independence may raise doubts in the minds of American oil kings as to the wisdom of relinquishing the white man's burden. American Governors in the Philippines can, in fact, lay claim to a record of generous treatment for a backward people hardly equalled in the

annals of imperialism. During the thirty-five years of American occupation health services have been vastly improved, the population has doubled and the Government's income as the result of increased foreign trade is now seven times greater than it was in 1900. A third of the annual revenue has been spent on education, a figure which compares well with the record of any European Government in its imperial affairs. These are facts which will no doubt be recalled if the Philippine President continues to disregard the interests of American traders and investors. The United States still retains its sovereignty over the islands for ten years; a Republican Government might be tempted to follow the example of President Harding and look for reasons to cancel its grant of self-government to this ungrateful dependency. The Philippines situation may provide an interesting conflict between the American people's aversion to foreign entanglements and the American capitalists' desire for foreign investments.

Mr. De Valera and the Senate

The Irish Free State Senate spent last week discussing the prospect of its own abolition. It finally agreed to abandon further resistance to the proposal as soon as Mr. De Valera announces and the Dail approves a scheme for another Second Chamber. If no further action is taken by the Senate before February 11th, however, the Dail may secure its abolition by a simple motion. Mr. De Valera certainly has grounds for his complaints. The Senate has rarely exceeded its legitimate powers in thwarting his policies, but it has usually shown a special readiness to accommodate Mr. Cosgrave and protect the rights of property-owners. In recent years its members have been recruited by elections from the Dail, and it has, therefore, lost much of the distinctive character possessed by the first Senate, members of which were appointed by nomination. But during the debates two Labour Senators urged that there were dangers in single chamber government. It would, for instance, remove any check on the power of Mr. De Valera and his small majority in the Dail to suspend the statutory period for the holding of elections or to interfere with the independence of the judiciary. It will be difficult however, to devise a Second Chamber which will be both effective in providing a constitutional safeguard and democratic in its method of election.

The Coal Miners

We go to press before the results of the miners' resumed meetings with the colliery owners are known; but rumour has it that in certain districts, notably South Wales, the owners have refused to make any appreciable advance on the wage-offers made before Christmas, and that they will not be prepared to endorse any form of national collective bargaining likely to be acceptable to the Mineworkers' Federation. As the wage offers in South Wales, and to a less extent in some of the other exporting districts, at the last meeting were derisory, this does not promise well for a settlement of the dispute. On the other hand, in most areas the gap between what the owners are prepared to offer and the men to accept is not very wide; and there should surely be means open to the owners —or the Government—of bringing the always recalcitrant South Wales owners into line. Nor should the question of national collective bargaining prove unduly difficult, if the Government is prepared to bring some pressure to bear. The owners in many districts are not seriously adverse to it, and it is monstrous that a relatively small section should be allowed to wreck the prospects of a settlement.

Jarrow Rediviva

Jarrow has been for years past the most derelict of all derelict areas—or at any rate the most derelict of considerable industrial towns. Its steel works closed down not very long after the war; and then the shipyard was closed and subsequently dismantled under conditions designed to prevent the use of the site for shipbuilding in the future. This left virtually the entire population on the dole—or on the rates—with no very evident hope of escape. But now at last a new steel works is to be built, partly on the site of the old works, and also taking in part of the site of the abandoned shipyard. Surrey, which officially "adopted" Jarrow some time ago, will be able to look forward to a lessening of its burden; and there is again hope for the thousands of skilled operatives who have been idle for years on end. No doubt protectionists will point to this—and also to the proposed re-opening of the steel works at Penistone, which were shut down some years ago—as a fruit of the tariff. It would be truer to say that it is the fruit of Hitler and German rearmament. But it is of course true that the tariff, together with the agreement with the Continental steel cartel, has given a remarkable impetus to British steel-making —at a cost to other industries it is still too soon to estimate. But the main question that occurs to us while we rejoice at Jarrow's prospect of revival, is why the Government has still done so little to foster the creation of new industrial enterprises in such deserted areas, which plainly need them most.

Wanted, A Government Statistical Service

Why does not the Stationery Office, or the Treasury, or whatever department is responsible for such matters, give us a statistical monthly journal, like those which exist in many other countries, recording the main current data concerning economic and social affairs? At present, anyone who wants to keep abreast of these facts has to hunt for them in a dozen places—in the *Ministry of Labour Gazette*, the *Board of Trade Journal* (surely the dullest paper ever issued, even by a Government department), the Bank of England's *Monthly*, and the publications of the Ministries of Agriculture and Health and half a dozen other departments. The result of this multiplicity of sources is that the student of the figures usually prefers to get what he must have out of the League of Nations *Monthly*, at the cost of being a month behind and missing many of the details and explanatory comments. It would be perfectly easy for the Government to remedy this, by bringing the principal data together in a single inter-departmental journal, and the doing of it would simplify the publicist's task and make for far greater accuracy in current comment. Why is it not done? Is the cause Treasury parsimony, or inter-departmental jealousy, or sheer lack of information, or even a positive desire to dole out information with a sparing hand?

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KING GEORGE AND KING EDWARD

DURING the last week no observer of the emotion aroused by the death of King George V can have failed to realise that it is a peculiarly personal emotion. The death of one king and the accession of another does not in these days threaten the fabric of Church and State; it does not, as far as material things go, affect the lives of most people in any susceptible degree. Nor is the grief that is felt to be explained by any textbook theory that the King is the bond of Empire or the symbol of national unity. The truth is that thousands of men and women think of the Royal Family as an ideal extension of their own families; they feel, as a woman behind a counter characteristically remarked on the day of the King's death, that "he was a father to us all." Perhaps a hint of the process whereby this identification takes place can be found in the admirable description which Mr. H. G. Wells gives in his *Autobiography* of his mother, who followed every event in the life of Queen Victoria with a passionate loyalty, finding in her a "compensating personality," an ideal example of the sort of mother that she herself would have had the chance of being. Even so to-day to countless people the doings of the Royal Family seem scarcely less intimate, though infinitely less troublesome than the doings of their own. The Royal Family provides them with a continuous romance; its developments are endowed with a colour and splendour which their own family lives too often lack, but which they none the less feel to be part of their romance. Thus the King's death becomes not so much an external, public event, as a personal loss.

This happy idealisation of the Royal Family could not, of course, endure unless the King and Queen themselves made it possible by their own lives and characters. A century ago monarchy was at its lowest ebb in this country just because no one could find in the lives of the sons of George III any pattern of life they could respect. But King George V was an immense success as a monarch, because he was the kind of man whom English people approve of, like and understand. His character was simple and direct. He was, as a homely commentator put it to us, a "good living man," and his family life was a model of what Puritan England regards as the best. His recreations were those of a country gentleman and his industry and devotion to the tedious duties of monarchy beyond all praise. In his admirably phrased broadcast, the Prime Minister rightly declared that the principle of the King's life was a determination to "do his duty" as the servant of his people. It is here that the comparison with his grandmother is interesting. Queen Victoria was also conscientious and industrious, but she had combined with these qualities an overbearing temper of which George V never showed a trace. Like Queen Victoria, too, he was shrewd but not intellectual—an advantage in a country which distrusts cleverness in high places. As the years went by the public ceased to regard him as an institution—Queen Victoria had been far more an institution—and thought of him increasingly as a fine old gentleman upon whom they could trust and rely. His recovery from a long and distressing illness gave millions of people an opportunity of expressing their affection, and the ovation accorded him at the Jubilee is known to have surprised and touched him by its sincerity. During the last seven years of his life the public knew that his illness had strained his constitution and that he found his public duties increasingly difficult. They appreciated the fact that he continued to perform them and never made a fuss or talked like an invalid. Their sense of familiarity with him was finally increased by his great success as a broadcaster. He understood the technique to perfection. His Christmas broadcasts were couched in exactly the right tone, friendly, dignified and intimate, and there is overwhelming evidence of the pleasure they gave to his vast audience at home and throughout the Empire. His husky but reassuring voice was a pleasant change from the almost mechanically perfect intonation of the golden-voiced announcers whose job it is, after all, to be as impersonal as possible. We recall the recent comment of a German living in this country who contrasted the kind and fatherly common sense of the King's Christmas broadcast with the almost simultaneous broadcast by one of the Nazi leaders, who ended by asking his audience all to join with him in offering the "Nazi Christmas greeting" to the Leader—"Heil Hitler!"

He seems to have shown the same qualities of common sense in dealing with the constitutional crises that arose both in the early and later periods of his reign. The facts are by no means fully known and will long be the subject of controversy. But it is well, as Mr. Lloyd George has said, to be candid about the fact that King George was a high Tory on his accession, just as it is idle to pretend that Monarchy is not a handicap to progressive forces. The death of Edward VII on the eve of the crucial election which was to decide between the Lords and the Commons seriously perturbed the Liberal leaders, who had obtained the promise of King Edward to create peers if the Government again obtained a majority. They knew that strong Conservative influences were at work attempting to persuade the new King that his duty was to stand by the Conservative Party, to which, as Lord Esher wrote in a moment of self-revelation, "he is naturally bound." As we look back on the period we can see the grave danger to the monarchy and to the democratic system as a whole involved in the attitude then adopted by some of the King's Conservative advisers. It was inevitable, since the King, as Mr. Shaw said, is never and can never be a rubber stamp, that King George should have only reluctantly agreed to the creation of peers, and it would be interesting to know how far Lord Rosebery was justified in saying at the time that, if Mr. Asquith had been returned at the second election with a majority of even five less than he had had at the first election, the royal prerogative would not have been exercised in his favour. But whatever the inner history, the King behaved wisely and constitutionally at the crucial moment, and the result of the incident was to strengthen and not to weaken the monarchy. The same may be said of the still more threatening Ulster crisis immediately before the war when efforts were made to use the monarchy in the interests of a particular group. How dangerous those efforts were we may learn from reading, for instance, the diaries of Sir Henry Wilson. Finally, queries have been raised about the part played by the monarchy in forming the National Government in 1931, but if blame is to be attached for the serious innovation which led to a Prime

Minister, who must hold his position in virtue of the fact that he is the leader of the largest party in the House of Commons, forming a new Government without the consent or even the knowledge of his own party, that blame falls, it seems to us, on the Prime Minister and not on the King who, constitutionally, was taking the Premier's advice.

King Edward VIII ascends the throne in a period which appears to be far more dangerous internationally and far less troubled domestically than that in which his father became King. To the public mind to-day he appears more closely to resemble his grandfather than his father. He has been an immensely popular figure as a Prince and we have no doubt that he will be even more popular as a King. He has shown on more than one occasion that his sympathies and interests are wide and not by any means always conventional. We doubt if royalty has ever done a more genuinely popular act than the Prince of Wales when he subscribed to the Miners' Distress Fund during the strike of 1926. We were happy again to notice in this journal that during his recent visit to Vienna he insisted, in spite of some official obstruction, on visiting the Karl Marx House which had been shelled by Fascist troops during the fighting in February, 1934. In a Prince of Wales such actions show a welcome generosity of spirit and breadth of outlook. To-day the Prince of Wales is King: his duties become more exacting and more continuous. He ascends the throne at a moment when the lesson of the history of the British monarchy is writ larger than ever before. The peculiar affection which George V inspired in the mass of his subjects was as much the result of his character as of his office. It was the reward of a life of service and a confidence among the mass of people that the King was prepared to do his part in a self-effacing and constitutional manner; that he realised that he had no power of innovation, and that if the public will demanded changes that might be personally distasteful to him he would use his ill-defined prerogative not to obstruct that will, but to make that will effective. An immeasurable fund of loyalty and affection is always at the disposal of the King of England. It is not a blind devotion and it has often been forfeited in the past. How far it is evoked or retained depends on the actions and character of the Sovereign himself.

THE END OF LAVAL?

THE Laval Government has not been overthrown by the Chamber, but disrupted from within. Last week it obtained in the Chamber a majority of sixty-four—and, on the face of it, it looked as though the Government would last until the General Election. But that same night Herriot announced his intention to resign from the Cabinet, and on the following Sunday the Executive Committee of the Radical Party decided to break up the Government by ordering all the Radical deputies (including the Ministers) to vote against it; which meant, in effect, that the Radicals could not stay in the Cabinet.

The words Executive Committee may suggest a group of half a dozen people; but actually the Radical Executive is composed of over a thousand delegates from all over France, and Sunday's meeting was more like a Congress than a Committee. It met in the golden-pillared banqueting hall of the Hotel Continental—a centre of *vie parisienne* under the Second Empire. The thousand delegates sat on red plush chairs and listened to the speeches from Herriot and Daladier. There were more hairy faces and flowing black ties among them than one would ever see in a Parisian audience; these people were *la province*, who had specially come to Paris "in order to understand," as the *Oeuvre* put it, "what it was all about."

What was it all about? Formally, the Executive Committee had simply been called to elect a new Radical president in place of M. Herriot who had resigned the post on December 18th, the night of Sir Samual Hoare's resignation. When last week Herriot announced his intention to resign from the Government and urged the other Radical Ministers to remain with M. Laval (or so at least everybody said), it seemed obvious that Herriot was leaving the Government simply in order to become Radical president once again, and so to prevent Daladier—the *Front Populaire* man—from succeeding him at the head of the Radical Party so shortly before the General Election. But soon it was discovered that that was not Herriot's intention. He was prepared to let Daladier be elected, and if he left the Government it was simply because he had had enough of it. As for the other Radical Ministers, he left it to the Executive Committee to decide what they were to do.

After the lead Herriot himself had given the Executive Committee by resigning from the Government—and, above all, by doing so without any reference to the Radical Presidency—there could be no doubt that the Committee would demand the resignation of the other Radical Ministers as well. Herriot must therefore be held responsible for the break-up of the Laval Government, which the Chamber had refused to overthrow. The Laval Government is the third in recent years to have been destroyed by the departure of the Radical Ministers. The first was Poincaré's in 1928, the second, Doumergue's in November 1934. The break-up of the Doumergue Government was not only fully justified by his preposterous constitutional reform plan, which no Radical could decently accept; but it was also carried out with the utmost tactical skill, and at a time when the fussy old man's popularity had been reduced to zero. One cannot help feeling that the present break-up of the Laval Government, however justified it may be on "ideological" grounds, has been clumsily done from a tactical point of view. The man in the street does not see clearly what it is all about. If, on December 18th—the night of Hoare's resignation—Herriot had left Laval, everybody would have understood. But rather than leave Laval that night, he abandoned the presidency of the Radical Party! It made no sense.

Yet to-day, when Laval is much less open to criticism than he was in December (or in November, October or September, for that matter) Herriot says that he can't stand it any longer. When I say that Laval is less open to criticism than a month ago, or two, or six months ago, I mean that he has, since then, largely abandoned his pro-Italian policy, is working in better harmony with Great Britain, has sworn to support the League, and has raised no objections to the stiff anti-Fascist laws that the Chamber and Senate worked out between themselves. Whether Laval's protestations of loyalty to the League were sincere or not, it seems obvious that Herriot's case against Laval is now not nearly as overwhelming as it would have been a few weeks ago. Yet his disapproval of Laval's foreign policy and the attacks on him in the press of the Right are the principal reasons for his resignation from the Government. It may be argued that he did not leave in December because the Budget had not yet been voted; but at that time the Hoare-Laval plan would surely have been a sufficient reason for overlooking the Budget.

In short, Herriot's present resignation was badly timed; and I am not at all sure that it will benefit the Left in the General Election.

The presidency of the Radical Party has gone to Daladier. When, in the absence of any other candidate, he was about to be unanimously elected, he declared that the delegates should bear in mind that he, Daladier, "stood for a definite policy," that is, the policy of the *Front Populaire*. The majority of the Radical militants are also *Front Populaire*, and that is probably the principal reason why Herriot did not

stand for the Presidency—though on personal grounds, and after his breach with Laval, he probably would have been elected, had he stood. But with the Radical militants in their present mood, Herriot preferred to stand aloof. He does not believe in the *Front Populaire* experiment, and apparently wants to keep himself in reserve for the time when the Radical Party may stand in need of a "national" leader. Under a new Poincaré, Doumergue, or Laval? If so, Herriot is not erring on the side of optimism.

At present, however, he is glad to be out of the Laval Government, and the other Radicals, especially those on the Left, are glad that the Party has "regained its liberty." It is more than doubtful, however, that the Party will go to the polls as a single united force. The *Front Populaire* tendency is prevalent, but not general.

Its spokesman is the new President of the Party, Edouard the Second. He assumes the airs of a great leader, *un vrai jacobin*. He promises to rase the financial Bastilles to the ground. In speaking about it, he goes all red with anger, and throws out his pointed chin, and thumps the table. Like Hitler, he smiles with an effort.

But it is doubtful whether even the Radical militants are deceived by his "strong man" attitudes. They remember his indecision, his blunders, his muddle-headedness, in February 1934—his offer of the governorship of Morocco to Chiappe whom he ventured to sack only at that price; his appointment of the head of the Sûreté Générale to the directorship of the Comédie Française, and, after the riots, his evidence before the parliamentary committee of inquiry, when he behaved like a schoolboy accused of stealing sweets.

Nor is his foreign policy record reassuring. Unlike Herriot, he cares little for the League. Perhaps he cares for it even less than Laval. In his speech on Sunday he made no reference to it. In the past he endorsed the Four Power Pact (even if only in a modified form) to please Ramsay MacDonald; in November, 1933, he sent Fernand de Brinon to Berlin, and encouraged his subsequent propaganda about Hitler's pacifism; and, like Laval, he is still on excellent terms with Brinon. And there are some who also remember Daladier's attempt in January 1934 to form a "super-party" Cabinet including "strong personalities" from the extreme Right. His present role as leader of the *Front Populaire* is the outcome of thwarted ambition, and of a determination to play a spectacular part, rather than the product of a real anti-Fascist *mystique*.

The Radical Party has broken its bonds with Laval; but was it the right moment to choose? Would it not have been more expedient, from the electoral point of view, to let the Laval Government last for another two months, until the Election? For during this interval all sorts of unpleasant things may happen. A *Front Populaire* Government being out of the question at present, the Radicals will be able to govern with only a flimsy majority—if at all. The Right and most of the Centre are solidly behind Laval, and now that the National Government has been broken up, Laval is more likely than ever to become the unofficial leader of all the Conservative forces—Right, Centre and Croix de Feu. Kerillis's prayer for a "national leader" will have been answered. Laval, with all his faults, has the makings of a leader, with no one, unfortunately, to match him on the Left. And if, after some days or weeks of political confusion, Laval were to return to power as the "saviour," it would hardly be a good prelude to the General Election. Such a possibility is not excluded. After the *coup du Continental* it would be better, from the point of view of the Left, if the Chamber could be dissolved at once.

ALEXANDER WERTH

Paris, January 20th.

SOLD OUT!

Last week's issue of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION was almost unobtainable after the week-end. Readers are urged to place a definite order with their newsagent to ensure delivery of their copy.

A LONDON DIARY

As it is a mistake to judge popular feeling from one's own circle of acquaintances, I took little notice when my friends told me that the B.B.C. had made a grave mistake in its presentation of the events of the last few days. But I read with the more attention a letter from a friend of mine who visits some 200 working-class houses in the course of each day's work. He sees a large assortment of people, clerical as well as manual workers, tramway officials, postmen, dustmen and railway employees. They are of all political affiliations. He tells me that on Wednesday he made it his job to notice at every house the remarks made about the King's death, and that the one comment he heard at almost every house was that everyone was fed up with the wireless. They expressed their genial respect for King George and their regret at his death and their good wishes to the new King. They wanted the news during his illness and were interested to hear about the funeral arrangements and the doings of the Royal family. But they could not for the life of them see why the B.B.C. should not give them other kinds of news as well, why the ordinary programmes should not continue and why they should be expected to go on being solemn and pompous hour after hour and day after day. The commonest expression, though not the strongest, was that the B.B.C. had "overdone it." This report certainly confirms my own impression that for the majority of people the B.B.C. has misjudged the way in which the British public likes its emotions expressed.

* * *

For centuries back one of the surest signs that popular emotions are deeply stirred has been the appearance of street broadsheets. Their value to the historian lies in their spontaneity and illiteracy. I once read through the nineteenth century collection in the British Museum—I was looking for *O Lovely Albert*, which I wanted to reproduce in full—and I learnt more of popular feeling about the monarchy than I had from many volumes of cultured memoirs. *The Week-end Book* gives the text of a most interesting broadsheet that appeared on the streets at King Edward's funeral. It is completely sincere doggerel and ends with the following two verses:

> Greatest sorrow England ever had
> When death took away our dear Dad;
> A king was he from head to sole,
> Loved by his people one and all.
>
> His mighty work for the Nation,
> Making peace and strengthening Union—
> Always at it since on the throne:
> Saved the country more than one billion.

I shall watch with great interest during the next week for the appearance of broadsheets. But I suppose that they cannot, in any case, long survive the spread of elementary education.

* * *

It does not seem to have been generally noticed that Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Winston Churchill and Lord Rothermere have all been staying in the same hotel at Marrakesh. The ancient capital of Morocco, though less beautiful than Fez, is picturesque enough, with its forest of palm-trees and the snows of Atlas on the horizon, to explain the presence there of these illustrious *frondeurs*. But the coincidence of their visit is certainly remarkable; and I was not surprised when a friend asked me whether it was not possible that the jugglers, snake-charmers and public story-tellers, who make the Marrakesh market-place such a lively scene, may have inspired the trio to some rival performance on the political stage with the British public as audience?

* * *

Students of the technique of political acrobatics have watched with delight the somersault so delicately executed by the Communist Party in the last few months. At the Election, persons hitherto denounced as social Chauvinists were en-

couraged and often embarrassed by the enthusiastic support they received from members of the Communist Party. I have heard it said that Labour candidates in South Wales were hard put to it to compete with the moderation of Harry Pollitt. During the last week or two the *Daily Worker* has wholeheartedly entered into the spirit of the new policy. No longer does it particularly announce its official connection with the Communist Party and the Third International. For the familiar slogan "Workers of the World Unite," we read "Unity for Peace, Democratic Liberties, Defence of Human Rights"—a Liberal slogan which seems to be the modern counterpart of "Peace, Retrenchment and Reform." Communists must forgive us if we smile a little; we have so often been denounced by them because general acceptance of a Marxist analysis of society did not lead us to accept the tactical wisdom of continuously attacking other sections of the working-class movement and always pitching our demands beyond the realm of immediate practical achievement. I am personally glad for their change of tone, though I am inclined to think they are overdoing it. If they are genuinely prepared to work with "deviationists" or other people who do not agree with them without at the same time threatening to turn round any moment and abuse them, they can certainly exert an immense and genuinely salutary influence, for their ranks contain more devotion, enthusiasm and energy than can be found in any other small group of people, and they have decided to work for causes which are dear to millions of other people who often lack leadership. Their change of attitude is not to be ridiculed as dishonesty because we understand its motives. To close our ranks in view of the common danger of Fascism in Europe; to see new hope in the League of Nations and a new need for preserving it as the result of the entry of the U.S.S.R.; to realise that even the liberties we have under a political democracy are worth trying to preserve, even while we work for Socialism: all this is common sense, not cynicism.

* * *

Sagittarius sends me a crisp comment on the drama at Geneva.

> The Audience is the nations, great and small,
> The Scenes are in Geneva and Whitehall,
> The Actors are word-perfect, and the Play
> "The Innocence of Eden, and the Fall."

* * *

The unfortunate Hauptmann—we shall all begin to get sorry for him if his execution is postponed much longer—has been granted a reprieve by the Governor of New Jersey, for surely the very oddest reasons that a reprieve was ever granted. Governor Hoffman gives among other grounds for doubting Hauptmann's guilt that he was "in my presence offered £15,000 by a New York newspaper for an exclusive confession. This offer was rejected." The more one thinks over this remark the richer it seems. CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of this column goes this week to Mr. P. E. Thornton.
All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

And perhaps the Arms inquiry will now shut up shop, and admit that this sort of funny business is not amusing at a time when the world looks more scaringly dangerous than it ever did in the summer of 1914.—*Sunday Pictorial.*

I consider that the most important invention is the sphere. Try to imagine what would happen to thousands of people every Saturday if there were no football during the winter or cricket during the summer. Life itself depends on the rotation of a sphere along with every other celestial body.—Letter in *Daily Mail.*

There were so many people at the ball that it was almost impossible to dance—such a success was it.—*Silversmith & Optician.*

The drama roars along at express speed. Bernard Vorhaus, who directed for Julius Hagen, of Twickenham Films, told me that he thought he had better make it as fast as possible to avoid giving you time to think about the probabilities of the story! Well done, Bernard! What we want is more films like this that do not give you time to think.—*Grimsby Evening Herald.*

There is a lot of fine country in and around the Campsie Fells and the Kilpatrick Hills, and I do hope my brither Scots are not letting it all go to waste for want of a few beagles.—*Horse and Hound.*

The reason why children have more "road sense" than their parents is that their parents' first-hand consciousness intellections have been inherited by them as inconsciousness instincts, that is to say, inherited intellections converted by the process of inheritance into second-hand intentions.—Letter in *Wiltshire Gazette.*

Mrs. Simon Harcourt-Smith, as Mumtaz Mahal, swathed in deep pink gauzes, reminded one of the Taj very closely.—*Daily Telegraph.*

A BRITISH SOCIALISM

I.

AT a time when depression and unemployment of all the factors of production attest the failure of competitive and monopolist capitalism to keep pace with the powers of modern productivity for the supply of consumers' needs, the Socialist Labour Party in this country has experienced a signal setback to its political advance. Various superficial explanations are forthcoming—divisions in the party policy, absence of strong effective leadership, signs of trade improvement, national solidarity on issues of foreign policy, a repetition of the scare about working-class savings. While all these considerations may have counted, some deeper explanation is needed. I think that must be found in the failure of Socialism to make a sufficiently intelligible and equitable impress upon the minds of the mass of the wage-earners on the one hand, and of the salaried, professional and public employees upon the other. For what is rightly called "the practical common sense" of our people repudiates both the desirability and the possibility of a successful class-war for Socialism conducted by the proletariat, and demands the co-operation of the brain workers in an effective policy of social-economic reconstruction. What is needed first of all is a clear presentation of a new social-economic structure which shall seem reasonable, equitable and attainable.

Socialism as preached in this country seems to suffer from three incompatible and undesirable appeals, sentimentalism, over-regimentation and revolutionary force. What is most urgently wanted is perhaps a clear conception of what individuals and what society actually do in the making of economic products and the determination of their values. And here we must, in dealing with British mentality, put aside the rigorous and difficult logic of Marxism, eschew the more abstract considerations of justice and humanity, and appeal to the accepted British standards of "fair play." If a person can truly be said to make a thing, it belongs to him. It is his "property." If a group of persons co-operate to make a thing, it is "theirs." Of course, it may be said that this view cannot be strictly applicable even to a peasant, a craftsman, or an artist. For no person has made the raw materials on which he spends his labour, or the traditional or acquired knowledge and skill he applies. These must be regarded as social properties and carry some limitation upon individual property, even when equal access to materials and knowledge exists. But, all the same, in such kinds of production "fair play" and "common sense" endorse a private personal property which does not apply to industry or even agriculture in general. And even in this individual production the right of property does not extend to the market value of the individual product. For its market value depends upon the supply and the demand into which enter on both sides the work and the wants of other people. Even the most primitive society thus develops

a co-operation which destroys the claim of private property except for things which a man, working alone, makes for his own consumption or use. In dealing with modern economic issues we may say that nearly all concrete production is "social" in that many persons in many processes contribute to make the final product, while its value, estimated either in money or in general goods obtained by exchange, is almost entirely due to society. I say "almost" because an allowance is rightly made for the distinctively personal effort which each or any of the contributory producers makes towards the final marketable product. But except in artistic or personally invented processes this individual determination of value does not seriously count and is not capable of close estimate. The product of a factory hand, a railway worker, a miner, may differ slightly as to his effort or skill, but its value as expressed in the sale of the goods or services rendered is socially determined in the widest sense of the term "society." For in a national or a world market each article or service sold is determined in its price by the quantity and quality of all the sorts of goods produced in that national or world area of production. It is this commonplace process which gives meaning and validity to the claim that wealth is "socially produced," and raises the next question, In what sense is it socially distributed and consumed?

The actual processes by which real and money incomes are distributed are social in that they are determined by market conditions of supply and demand applied to labour, manual or mental, capital and other agents of production. But are they "social" in the sense of corresponding to "fair-play" or social well-being? Quite evidently not. Every market for the distribution of goods and money income fixes a price which apportions the gain according to the bargaining force of the different buyers and sellers. It is this force and the inequalities which lie behind it that are responsible for the injurious and oppressive differences of income. Why is it that these plain facts are so commonly ignored by ordinary educated and informed men and women? Partly from sheer habituation to a social structure which rests on class distinctions that have come to seem "natural" and are not subjected to much critical resentment. Again, inequality affords a sporting interest to social climbers. In this country, and still more in America, where opportunities to rise have been fairly frequent and free, close scrutiny into the inequality which limits such opportunities has been bought off by the interest in the game.

This acceptance even of gross inequalities in income and status has been helped by the orthodox teaching of our economics, which holds that "everybody tends to get what he is worth." The sheer effrontery of a doctrine based on the assumptions of a mobility of capital and labour, and a freedom of competition and of opportunities, which everyone acquainted with the facts of industry, commerce and finance knows to be entirely false, is the most startling exhibition of interested intellectualism in our time. But although the logical trickery of this economic theory with its thimble-rigging "marginalism" lies outside the comprehension of ordinary business men and workers, the support it has rendered to the capitalist system by its known endorsement of that system, and its exclusion of all considerations of justice and humanity from economic science, have not been negligible, and help to explain how the mind of many kindly men and women has been kept in acquiescence. Philanthropy, the benevolence of public services, improvements in education and housing, some real gains in the standard of most employed persons, the belief that it is only necessary to treat certain "distressed areas" and "depressed trades," have helped to turn our minds away from the wider problem of socially equitable reconstruction.

But while the trust in natural recovery and social palliatives is still widely prevalent, there are new signs, outside the ranks of professing socialists, of a growing belief in the desirability of tackling the economic problem in its integrity.

This movement usually takes the name of "planning," partly to avoid "socialism," partly because it sounds practical. No competent business man can dispense with planning in his business. Is it not possible for the businesses that compose a whole industry to get together and plan for their common advantage, and may not the several industries with commercial and financial relations put security and order into those relations? Avoiding the committal to a fully "corporative state," our planners are feeling their way towards what in the minds of most of them is a substitute for Labour-Socialism. For though "planning" generally includes some provision for the interests and the co-operation of employees, it signifies the expert control of employers, with some official representatives whose public aid and legal status is required. Capitalism would remain in the saddle though most of its individualism and all its competitive trade disappeared. Moreover, though the necessity or the desirability of international planning is sometimes recognised, the dominant drive in planning is towards an economic self-supporting nationalism, with special political regulation over such foreign trade as is necessary. Capitalism in this country is feeling its way towards this type of a planned national economy in order to safeguard its profitable existence. There is an awkward halt between nationalism and imperialism, but tariffs, embargoes, subsidies and other economic arrangements lean heavily towards economic nationalisation.

J. A. HOBSON

IMPULSE TO DESTROY

A WEST COUNTRYMAN was sent to prison for twelve months on Monday for setting fire to ricks and threatening to burn down a dairy. He signed the letter in which he threatened to destroy the dairy, "The Phantom Avenger." In his defence it was stated among other things that he was a keen student of economics and had lately been reading the works of Karl Marx. "It may be," said his counsel, "that overstudy, together with his state of health, has made him temporarily unbalanced." The prisoner himself, giving evidence, explained to the Court that "all his life he had had the impulse to destroy but never to construct."

I cannot help wondering why the young man's counsel brought Karl Marx into the argument. Did he expect to win sympathy for the youth as for one who had fallen a victim to a world-wide epidemic or as for one who had succumbed to the wiles of a tempter stronger than himself? Did he intend to imply that Karl Marx rather than the prisoner should have been standing in the dock to answer the charge of rick-firing? Or did he merely wish to suggest that Karl Marx is a writer so difficult to read that he might well upset the mental balance of a young student? I am sure that, whatever may have been counsel's intentions, many a good Tory, reading the report of the trial, felt that all his suspicions of the Marx whom he had never read were now justified. "Marx," he would say to himself, "is the god of those who have 'the impulse to destroy but never to construct.' I have always said so, and this proves it."

It is rather hard lines on an economist who had certainly plenty of the will to construct to be saddled with so purely destructive a disciple. The will to destroy existed long before the science of economics, and is reborn in each of us—or in most of us—years before we have heard even of Adam Smith. The joy of destruction appears in the child as in the puppy which tears a slipper or a book-cover into unrecognisableness. It is true that we are encompassed by prohibitions that gradually dissuade us from tearing pages out of books or from destroying newly papered walls with our crude pencillings. But, where discipline is slack, the small boy shows how strong the love of destruction is when he catches sight of an unoccupied house with no policeman looking. I have been told by a policeman that there is no sport more popular than smashing the windows of unoccupied houses. The sound of crashing glass, the sight of crashing glass, are a delight to the ear and the eye. I have known boys to extract a fearful joy even from throwing a stone through the glass of a street lamp.

There are other boys who take a delight in smashing empty flowerpots. Others content themselves with tearing down railings. Every now and then we read of young gentlemen who, when travelling by train, smash everything that is smashable in their compartment, cutting the leather straps from the windows, and so forth. Even at the universities ragging has been known with results ruinous to the belongings of many a quiet undergraduate. Knocker wrenching seems to have gone out of fashion, but there are probably still eminent men in Harley Street who can recall great feats in that line.

Other expressions of the love of destruction remain, however. If you plant young trees along the sides of an arterial road, you will be lucky if you do not find many of them one day uprooted or smashed by night-wanderers. Many kindly landlords have thrown their parks open to the public and have afterwards been compelled to close them because of the destructive hordes that make holiday in them. I have seen a number of youths in such a park hilariously tearing rhododendron bushes to pieces. This may be attributed by the benevolent to love of flowers, but I think it was also due to the noise the breaking branches made. After all, on our town heaths we see seats that have been deliberately smashed or thrown into ponds. It is obvious that many human beings cannot resist the pleasure of breaking things except when the police are there to prevent them.

Happily, in most human beings, the pleasures of destruction and the pleasures of construction are fairly evenly balanced. In fact, if given a reasonable chance, the ordinary human being comes to take immensely more pleasure in construction than in destruction. There is, for example, apparently one pleasure in dragging a bird's nest from a bush, after emptying it of its eggs, and flinging it on the ground; but it is scarcely worth experiencing in comparison with the pleasure of building up a knowledge of the ways of birds that have been left to bring up their young in peace. There is more pleasure to be had from planting trees and from seeing them grow than from uprooting trees after a late night in a roadside café. The ordinary human being under fair conditions soon gets to realise these things; and, apart from this, policemen, parents, and nurses are all there from his earliest years to curb his instinct to destroy.

The instinct persists none the less all through our lives. It seems even as if, when we have grown to manhood, our passions were more easily roused to an extreme pitch by a call to destruction than by a call to construction. There is none of the new political movements in Europe, for example, that, while regarding itself primarily as a constructive movement, could have succeeded without the destructive elements in its programme. Both Bolshevism and Nazi-ism owe much to the enemies whom they found it was necessary to destroy. The unhappy bourgeoisie, the unhappy Jews, provided an object for the impulse to destroy—an object that by its existence brought pleasure into the fight for a brave new world.

Nor is it only in recent political movements that the impulse to destroy has played a significant part. All the empires of the past have grown by fanning this impulse. *Delenda est Carthago* was the motto that incited the Romans to become masters of the world. The chief difference between aggressive Imperialists and Revolutionaries is that the Imperialists wish to destroy foreigners, while the Revolutionaries wish to destroy their fellow-citizens. But, in the last analysis, everybody wishes to destroy somebody. Even the humanitarian Mr. Shaw wishes to destroy a people called the Danakils, of whom, I confess, I had never heard till Mr. Shaw began to write about them. The contemporary word for "destroy" is, I understand, "liquidate." I sometimes wonder whether, if the Europe we know has before long to go into liquidation, it will not be chiefly because it first went in so enthusiastically for liquidating—the old policy of Apollyon.

It would be interesting to return to earth a century or so hence and discover whether in the eyes of posterity our age will seem to have been predominantly an age of construction or an age of destruction. There was certainly never an age that talked more about planning. We plan everything so well that if you go for a week-end into the country, you will be well advised to buy a bottle of milk beforehand in a London dairy—at least, if you have a baby—lest your baby may starve. We have the most glorious plans—for not growing corn, for not growing coffee, in fact, for not growing anything but sugar-beet. This all looks fairly constructive; after all, in what previous age did any statesman have the boldness to conceive a policy of making one blade of corn grow where two grew before? At the same time, when I see all the chief countries of the world devoting a large part of their wealth to piling up the means of destroying the men, women and children of other countries, I begin to wonder whether, after all, we shall be remembered as one of the great constructive ages of history.

And, if we turn from politics to the arts, we are left with the same doubt whether the impulse to construct or the impulse to destroy is the stronger. The more advanced young have certainly done something to destroy the traditions of their predecessors, but have they constructed very much themselves that will seem worth preserving to their successors? Every age lays a destructive hand on the age that preceded it, and it can be justified in doing so by its works. Not being posterity I cannot be absolutely certain whether the new generation of writers has created anything comparable to the work of the good writers of the past. That the impulse to destroy is strong in them, however, may be seen even in much of their criticism. They leave a trail of destruction behind them like a fox that has visited a farmyard and has not even been interested enough to eat the fowl he has killed.

Planners and rick-burners — we are certainly, as we have always been, an odd mixture. And the posterity that judges us—and, perhaps, condemns us—may, it is half-depressing, half-amusing to think, be just as odd a mixture as ourselves.

Y. Y.

Correspondence

IRISH HOUSEKEEPING

SIR,—The statistical information given by Mr. Carter in his article "Irish Housekeeping" was substantially accurate, but his deductions and generalisations are so untrue as to cry aloud for correction. An unpleasant trait in British Socialists is that while rightly attacking British Jingoism they are willing to support any other brand of nationalism. And it should be understood that nationalism is the keystone of De Valera's policy. There is much that is admirable in this policy (abolition of the Senate and of University Representation) but it aims chiefly at that return to village economy advocated by Mr. G. K. Chesterton.

In the first De Valera budget there was an increase in expenditure on social services and an equally admirable increase in the steepness of the graduated income tax. In the second, however, the burden was shifted to the indirect taxpayer and he has carried it ever since; the workers contribute 3*s.* per week to the Services. To discourage "foreign culture" there is a tax on films, magazines, etc. (including THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION). The 30 per cent. on butter means for thousands the difference between butter and margarine. Consumers also pay 4*d.* per pound on tea as tax, and when they complain are told to drink milk or ale instead! A thousand such extractions reduce purchasing power and the standard of living for more than three-quarters of the population.

Mr. Carter also paints a picture of De Valera as a friend of the people; but that the capitalists have him well under thumb was shown by his recent refusal to socialise the unpopular Tramway Company to which he gave a monopoly and which has gained Dublin the distinction of having the dearest transport service in Europe.

The policy of industrialisation had good chances of success had not De Valera deliberately refused to avail himself of the economies of modern production and insisted on each industry being decentralised (perceive the influence of Mr. Chesterton).

But the crowning glory of Irish policy is the division of the ranches and the drive for wheat. As regards the first it has often enough been proved that a community of peasant proprietors is a force of ignorance, reaction and superstition; if De Valera

succeeds here, Ireland is closed for ever to Socialism and progress. Your contributor has been taken in by the old dodge of telling how much wheat was grown here in 1847. In fact, the entire crop was exported and the staple food was a diet of herrings and potatoes. The country was more overpopulated then than it is underpopulated now; the standard of living was deplorable, the death-rate a scandal. It is true that one-quarter of the wheat is now home-grown, but the city poor who pay 1*d.* extra per loaf—and will pay more if the "wheat battle" is won—will not share Mr. Carter's enthusiasm.

Just two more facts for Mr. Carter. The "dyed-in-the-wool free-traders" of the Cosgrave regime undertook the Shannon Scheme—the largest single instalment of State Socialism ever achieved in these islands. In spite of the pleas of the Labour Party De Valera refused to enforce a working-week of less than forty-eight hours.

Why does he remain in power? Ireland has had her share of recovery; he has a magnetic personality; his opponents are weak in leaders and poor in policy; and his "Irish Ireland" has an appeal, less exaggerated in form to the primitive tribal instincts which are glorified in Germany and Italy to-day. Like those regimes, his is based on blood rather than brain.

Dublin. W. P. C.

A CASE FOR INQUIRY

SIR,—Is it not high time that some action was taken to protect the public from the strangling grip of large electrical supply concerns, which obtain a virtual monopoly over a wide area through parliamentary powers?

I do not refer so much to questions of the prices and terms upon which current is supplied to consumers, although there seems to be ample evidence here for a very searching inquiry, particularly into the terms which these undertakings are wont to insist upon with regard to such things as the supply of apparatus, restrictions as to who shall undertake wiring, etc. I mean, however, more specifically the dog-in-the-manger attitude which they adopt in refusing to supply current to large areas of the countryside over which they have obtained statutory powers, whilst at the same time refusing any other authority permission to supply those districts. I have in mind one of the largest electricity supply undertakings in the country, which operates over the best portion of five or six Midland counties.

This company has recently brought most of its active work of laying new supply lines to a standstill, and yet there are scores of villages in its area which are, and have been for some years, crying out for current. Since this company has secured parliamentary powers over the areas in which they are situated, they cannot even set up a co-operative plant to supply their own village without the gracious permission of this octopus of private enterprise—which, of course, they will never be given. Having laid the lines on which it can make an immediate and good profit, the company apparently does not intend to supply the smaller places until either they grow into towns, or somebody comes to live in each of them who is prepared to pay a few hundred pounds to have the transmission line laid to his village.

The excuse is the eternal and immortal one, of course, which private enterprise always presents us with, to supply the places in question "would not pay!" These people are only allowed by the grace of the community, which gives them their statutory powers, to operate over an area wide enough to provide them with comparatively large profits, and there seems to be no moral or economic reason why, having been given those powers over a certain area, they should then be permitted to pick and choose which bits of the area they will supply.

The rural dweller is in the main in a much less happy position for raising an outcry about such things than his urban counterpart, and so the arbitrary and dictatorial methods of these companies are normally hidden under a cloak of grandiloquent language about rural electrification, and spates of maps showing what they are going to do—sometime!

Now and again a more vigorous Rural District Council creates a sufficient hullabaloo to secure a Ministry of Transport inquiry, but my reading of the conduct of such of these as I have been able to follow convinces me that they are primarily concerned with whitewashing the electricity company under review at any cost.

It seems that the time has arrived when a searching inquiry by an impartial body, on which rural dwellers and workers under the supply companies in question were adequately represented, would be extremely profitable and illuminating. Meanwhile, there is a good chance for one of our active Labour M.P.s to carve out a niche for himself by taking up the cudgels and, with the aid of some keen research into the immediate past history of these monopolistic bodies, light a candle which all the power of their wattage shall not quickly put out! G. HALL

Aldbury, Tring, Herts.

MR. EDEN

SIR,—Why do so many Labour papers do all they can to canonise Mr. Eden? Judging by references to him that have appeared in articles in Labour periodicals recently, a number of Labour writers seem to be busy endeavouring to elevate him into the position of peacemaker that was occupied by the late Mr. Henderson.

Do these writers realise that Mr. Eden is not a good Socialist forcibly imprisoned within a Capitalist Cabinet? It will suit the reactionary forces in this country excellently if the Labour Movement, with the assistance of its own periodicals, "falls for" the carefully circulated idea that, while there are some bad imperialists in the Cabinet, Mr. Eden is one of the good men who take a Socialist view about international politics. Have we not heard enough about "Honest Stan" without helping the National Government to build up a conception of "Angelic Eden"? Mr. Eden is nothing more nor less than the anti-Socialist representative of the anti-Socialist Government of the greatest imperialist State. J. P. M. MILLAR,

15 South Hill Park Gardens, Editor, *The Plebs*
Hampstead, N.W.3.

SANCTIONS AND WAR

SIR,—As I claim to be not only a Socialist-Pacifist, but an International Socialist as well, I must protest that Mr. Robertson is not representative of all International Socialists, though his authoritative "we" might give that impression.

Mr. Robertson should remember the fate of Liberalism throughout the world and remember that its downfall was due entirely to the World War. There was a Liberal Government in power in 1914, and it entered the arena of war with great reluctance. I remember well the distressful doubts of the *Manchester Guardian*. The war was against Prussianism, and the Liberals joined forces with their hereditary enemies, the Conservatives, for the more effective conduct of the war. The necessity to win entailed the overthrow of all Liberal principles and when the war was over all that Liberalism stood for the world over was dead. When I see International Socialists promising their support to Capitalist governments in a policy of sanctions that may lead to war, I visualise the destruction of Socialism rather than the defeat of Fascism, for though the Allies won the last war, Prussianism was not defeated. MARGERY SMITH

5 Apsley Crescent,
Manningham Lane, Bradford.

POWERS OF THE TRAFFIC COMMISSIONERS

SIR,—You wax very indignant about the formidable power of the Traffic Commissioners as evidenced by their intervention in the Northampton bus strike, although you have never previously commented upon the other formidable powers indisputably conferred upon them by the legislature. I refer to such powers as the power to exclude new entrants into the industry and the power to impose rigid working conditions upon existing operators. The transport legislation of recent years has been of a most extraordinary and arbitrary type, and it is a pity in many ways that there is not a written constitution and a Supreme Court to quash the greater part of it. The proceedings before the Traffic Commissioners are not invested with any undue publicity, but some fantastic things have emerged. Railway counsel have successfully argued that the public must not travel by road for pleasure "at the expense of the railways." This conjures up the spectacle of inspectors stopping coaches on the Great West Road and ejecting every person who looks happy. Similarly it has been solemnly argued that conditions in road transport were being degraded because young men "enjoyed an open-air life free from factory discipline." This in turn conjures up the vision of an economic system in which every person detected enjoying his job was summarily expelled as a blackleg. Operators have been rebuked for running coaches to football grounds on Saturdays without assuming the obligation to drive up to the

gates on days on which there was no football, and the Commissioners have in effect proceeded on the principle that an operator who runs a service to the seaside in summer and closes it down in mid-winter is somehow not playing the transport game. These people would keep the stop-me-and-buy-one boys out in a blizzard.

But the worst feature is the ban on new entrants. It is time you made up your mind about this aspect of planning. On what principle do you prevent a person, who obviously sees an opportunity of earning a higher income than he is at present obtaining, from earning that income by running a lorry? On what principle do you grant a franchise to existing transport agencies without, I may add, having the sense to charge them for the freehold? You are in effect stipulating that in order to assure 5 per cent. or a 70s. wage to certain arbitrarily favoured producers other people shall not intrude, even if the alternative to them is a 23s. dole. In my opinion the excluded person has the right to full compensation, but of the two major political parties one has not the desire and the other has not the courage to draw this logical conclusion. Once the State has embarked on the framing of the economic setting it is responsible for the spare parts it cannot fit into its jig-saw puzzle. At present these spare parts number nearly two million.

I am not of the stuff of martyrs, but if there is any courageous person anxious to perform a social service I would urge him to put a lorry or coach service on the roads and engage unemployed men to run it. When prosecuted he can plead that by giving these men a higher income than they are receiving from the unemployment fund he is conferring a benefit upon them, and that by extending, and therefore cheapening, transport facilities he is conferring a benefit upon the public. Then he can defy the authorities to send him to prison. Your answer to this undoubtedly is that such action would entail traffic congestion to the point where vehicular movement would entirely cease, and also that it would progressively degrade conditions in transport down to an Asiatic level, to which I return the *ex cathedra* pronouncement Boloney! G. L. SCHWARTZ

London, N.2.

[We are not prepared to defend all the powers and practices cited by our correspondent. But the exclusion of new entrants, which is his main point, does seem to us justified by the necessity, in the public interest, of controlling the volume of traffic on the roads. Such a restriction, like many other restrictions, no doubt may cause hardship to certain individuals, and may involve some degree of arbitrariness. But the alternative, which is to maintain the sacred principle of freedom for everyone to do what he likes, spells congestion and chaos. Mr. Schwartz does not dispose of that by the bright retort "Boloney!"—ED. *N.S. & N.*]

TOLERATION

SIR,—The letters on this subject in your columns seem to show some misunderstanding of the precise nature of the attitude of the Roman Catholic Church to toleration, so perhaps you will allow me to make some quotations. Pope Leo XIII issued numerous encyclical letters on social, political and economic subjects, and did not fail to deal with this matter of toleration. His declarations have been confirmed by his successors; especially by the present Pope, Pius XI, in the encyclical *Quadragesimo*, in 1931.

In his encyclical *Libertas* (1888) Leo XIII said:

> Justice therefore forbids, and reason itself forbids, the State to be godless, or to adopt a line of action which would end in godlessness: namely, to treat the various religions (as they call them) alike, and to bestow upon them promiscuously equal rights and privileges. Since, then, the profession of one religion is necessary to the State, that religion must be professed which alone is true.

(the Pope meant, of course, Roman Catholicism).

In the same document, dealing directly with the question of toleration, he said:

> Yet, with the discernment of a true mother, the Church weighs the great burden of human weakness; and well knows the course down which the minds and actions of men in this our age are being borne. For this reason, while not conceding any right to anything save what is true and honest, she does not forbid public authority to tolerate what is at variance with truth and justice, for the sake of avoiding some greater evil, or of obtaining or preserving some greater good. . . . But, to judge aright, we must acknowledge that the more a State is driven to tolerate evil the further it is from perfection; and that the tolerance of evil which is dictated by political prudence should be strictly confined to the limits which its justifying cause, the public welfare, requires.

In his encyclical *Sapientiae* (1890) Leo XIII declared that "if the laws of the State are manifestly at variance with the Divine Law" (that is, with that Law as declared by the Roman Church: which, as Leo XIII, of course, believed, is its sole legitimate interpreter), "then, truly, to resist becomes a positive duty, and it is a crime to obey." In *Libertas* (already quoted) he said:

> Although, in the extraordinary condition of these times, the Church usually acquiesces in certain modern liberties, she does so not because she prefers them in themselves, but because she judges it expedient to permit them until, in happier times, she can exercise her own liberty.

In interpreting the foregoing it is needful to bear in mind that by "what is true and honest," "what is at variance with truth and justice," "evil," and "the Divine Law," the Pope meant, of course, only what the Roman Church declares to be such. For example, the doctrine of Papal Infallibility is one of those things which would be "true and honest," and Protestantism, Rationalism, etc., would be "at variance with truth and justice." This being understood, the Papal attitude is seen to be this: a properly organised State would profess, and conform its laws to, Roman Catholicism; regrettable practical facts may render this impossible, but it is the ideal to be aimed at, and divergence from it is an evil; and a State is more and more near perfection so far as it finds it needless to tolerate anything contrary to Catholicism.

This being so, your correspondent, Mr. Arnold Lunn, is wrong, as a Roman Catholic, if (as another correspondent suggests) he disapproves of the Bradlaugh centenary merely as being celebrated in "a Christian building." To be orthodox, he should oppose its celebration at all.

The fallacy of the Papal teaching is that it fails to allow for the natural differences of men's minds. Even if a doctrine is true, it is apprehended only on evidence; so the State should allow impartial liberty. As to Mr. Lunn, I admire his ability, but am inclined to think he is allowing his zeal of recent conversion to betray him into too hasty controversy. I made a like mistake years ago, and was disillusioned. J. W. POYNTER

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Highbury, London, N.5.

THE CATHOLIC VOTE

SIR,—As an ordinary Roman Catholic voter, I feel convinced that the vast bulk of the Catholic electorate, who, like myself, associate themselves with the Church's teaching as regards birth control and other such issues, most emphatically deplore and reject the tactics of which my friend, Edith Summerskill, so justifiably complains. As Mr. Burgess quite rightly points out, Catholics are a tiny minority in England, and a fair-minded Catholic cannot but dread such agitations on the part of a small, but noisy, section of their community who try to dictate to the Protestant majority in a country where Catholics enjoy complete fair play as a whole—and may one day live to regret their action bitterly.

It is, moreover, very disquieting that these Catholics (who in no way represent the Catholic body as a whole) almost invariably produce these red herrings in the case of Labour candidates, but maintain a discreet silence in the case of Tories.

But perhaps the most tragic feature of all is the fact that on such occasions the main issue of Socialism is relegated to the background, while issues that are often quite subsidiary are concentrated upon. Would it not be well for all would-be politicians to bear this in mind and keep a better sense of proportion, whether from one angle or the other?

27 Sackville Street, W.1. ANTHONY MOURAVIEFF

REWARDS FOR GOOD DRIVERS

SIR,—I hope Mr. R. E. Davidson is unduly pessimistic about road accidents in 1936. I should myself be inclined to attach more importance than he does to the growing number of drivers who will have received at any rate some training in driving and, it is to be hoped, some intensive schooling in road-behaviour. For though it may not have been proved that inexperienced drivers have directly caused more accidents than others, I imagine most people would agree that a good many accidents are indirectly attributable to an inexperienced driver hesitating, delaying, signalling badly, and generally doing the wrong thing, so as to bewilder or annoy other traffic. (I am certain that irritable drivers quite often vent their annoyance after a check on the next few miles of road!)

I believe that the percentage of responsibly behaved drivers will increase, and I believe, also, that, in general, the legal penalties

for misbehaviour are as heavy as public opinion at present will stand, though in time public opinion may demand that they should be increased. They have certainly done some good to the naturally selfish and inconsiderate driver; and, even at the present time, I think things might and ought to be made harder for drivers who offend in certain flagrant ways, such as driving when their licences are suspended or running away after an accident. Learners, also, should be very carefully watched, and their full licences held back if there is any doubt.

But these are all penalties affecting the few sinners; and the law-abiding and considerate fellow gets nothing but a possible rebate from his insurance company, which he may lose through no fault of his own. Would it not be possible to institute some form of reward for him, either in the shape of some remission of taxation, or some decoration, conferred either by the Ministry of Transport or the motoring associations or both combined, which he could carry on his car or on his person? If some scheme could be worked out and made important enough, I feel that there would be a good deal of incentive, particularly among newer drivers, to earn the reward and to retain it when earned.

Finally, writers of popular fiction might be asked *not* to make road-hogging—wild speed and disregard of signals—an essential qualification for a hero. MARGARET I. COLE

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VOLCANOES

SIR,—It was perhaps hardly to be expected that THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION was read by any geologist or geophysicist (although the fault does not lie with the journal), and hence after allowing a decent interval to elapse I feel justified in myself commenting upon Mr. Grant-Watson's article.

While in a sense it is true that "no man can know what actually happens in the hot interior of the earth," recent studies, *inter alia*, of the rate of propagation of earthquake waves, of the composition of magmatic intrusions, and of the distribution of radio-activity in the rocks of the earth's crust permit of the drawing of certain very definite conclusions. When your biological contributor picks out Svante Arrhenius' thirty-five-year-old theory of vulcanism, and presents it as being as likely to be true as any other, he is misleading your readers. E. G. R. TAYLOR

Chelsea.

REFORM OF MAGISTRATES' COURTS

SIR,—Many will agree with "Solicitor" in a recent issue in his plea for a reform of Magistrates' Courts, and I suggest that the Scottish system might well be taken as a model. Speaking generally, the Sheriff-Substitute has a civil and criminal jurisdiction with an appeal to the Sheriff-Principal. In large towns there are lay magistrates, or bailies, who are members of the Town Council.

Applying this system to England, Recorders would be abolished, and in their places County Court Judges would be given criminal jurisdiction in addition to their present civil jurisdiction. Stipendiary Magistrates might be turned into County Court Judges. Local Benches might be retained but their jurisdiction would be greatly curtailed, and their powers of punishment limited to, say, one month's imprisonment and a fine of £5. Appeals from County Courts would be to a Bench of two or more judges.

It might be considered at the same time whether preliminary inquiries could not be abolished. They get on very well without them in Scotland. T. STIRLING BOYD,

Kuching, Sarawak. Chief Justice

Miscellany

RUDYARD KIPLING

THE chief tragedy of Rudyard Kipling's life was summed up in two of the tributes published in the newspapers the morning after his death. Major-General Dunsterville, the original of Stalky, boasted: "In three-score years and ten no man's outlook on life could have changed less than that of Rudyard Kipling." Sir Ian Hamilton wrote precisely and powerfully: "As one who must surely be about Kipling's oldest friend, I express my deep sorrow. His death seems to me to place a full stop to the period when war was a romance and the expansion of the Empire a duty." Those two sentences indicate the theme of that tremendous and futile drama in which a man, loving everything in life but reality, spent his days loathing intellectuals as soft and craven theorists, and yet himself never had the courage to face a single fact that disproved the fairy-tales he had invented about the world in youth; and who, nevertheless, was so courageous in defending this uncourageous position that he had to be respected as one respects a fighting-bull making its last stand. That drama explains why the public regards Rudyard Kipling as one of the most interesting men of our time. He stands among those Laocoon figures who in pride and strength are treading the road to the highest honours, when they are assailed by passions, which seem not to be a part of the victim's individualities, but to have crawled out of the dark uncharted sea of our common humanity. Such men are judged not by their achievements in action or the arts but by the intensity of the conflict between them and their assailants. Such judgment had to recognise Rudyard Kipling as a memorable man.

That, in part, explains his fame on the Continent. His warmest admirers would have to admit that that is extravagantly inflated. A short time ago I was present when one of the greatest figures in European literature explained to our most subtle living novelist that it could only be political prejudice which prevented him from recognising *Soldiers Three* and *They* as permanent glories of English Literature, very near its apex. "You think them very much better than anything Shaw and Wells have written?" "Oh much!" "Better than anything Dickens and Thackeray have written?" "Of course! Much better than anything else in your modern English literature—except Oscar Wilde and Lord Byron!" The just cataloguing of Rudyard Kipling with two other Laocoon figures suggests that an imperfect knowledge of a language may permit a reader to see the main pattern of a fabric, which a reader of great linguistic accomplishment might lose because of absorption in fine verbal touches. But it does not explain the curious progress of his fame in this country. That followed a course which it is hard to explain to a post-war generation.

Those of us who were born in the first half of the nineties remember a childhood shadowed by certain historical facts: the gathering trouble in South Africa, the Home Rule question, the Dreyfus Case, the Diamond Jubilee, and the fame of Mr. Kipling. These were of not easily differentiated importance; and it must be remembered that Kipling was not thirty-five till the turn of the century. He enjoyed the celebrity and rewards of Mr. Noel Coward and Mr. Priestley put together, at less than Mr. Noel Coward's present age, with something of the more than merely political, almost priestly, aureole of Mr. Baldwin. He had laid the foundation of this fame principally with his volumes of short stories, *Plain Tales from the Hills*, *Soldiers Three* and *Life's Handicap*, his novel, *The Light That Failed*, and his volumes of poetry, *Barrack-room Ballads* and *The Seven Seas*.

It will seem to anyone who now takes up these volumes for the first time, or can read them in a state of detachment, that their fame was not deserved. Those books are the work of a preternaturally clever boy in his early twenties, of odd and exciting, but limited experience, and they are just as good as could be expected, and just as bad. *Plain Tales from the Hills* are just the stories a young writer of parts will write when he is mastering the bare elements of the storyteller's craft; when he is teaching himself to get down on paper the crude sequence of events, the mere mechanical movements of people in and out of rooms and up and down stairs. *Soldiers Three* for all they have stamped the imagination of a people, are anecdotes, told with too much gusto and too little invention. *Life's Handicap* are better stories, for in them Kipling has perfected the art of hooking a reader's attention as neatly as an accomplished salmon-fisher casting a fly. I cannot believe that a young officer and his Hindu mistress would converse so

exclusively in the manner of conscientious members of the Chelsea Babies' Club as is represented in *Without Benefit of Clergy*, but I shall not forget that story till I die. As for *The Light That Failed*, it is a neat, bright, tightly painted canvas, but it falls far short of deserving to cause a sensation. Dick Heldar is a boy's idea of an artist and a man; Maisie is a boy's idea of a woman; Bessie Broke is a boy's idea of a drab; Torp is a boy's idea of an adventurer. The verse is naturally better. Poetic genius makes a qualitative demand on experience; fiction makes a quantitative test as well. And indeed all his life long Kipling was a better poet than he was a prose-writer, though an unequal one. In his verse he was a fusion of Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Adelaide Proctor, Alfred Noyes, George R. Sims (*Gunga Din* is as bad as that), with a militarist A. P. Herbert, one of the grander Scottish hymnal-writers and a pure and perfect lyrist, who could distil a day of alien weather in a verse as bright and clear as a dewdrop. But it must be doubted whether an age that recited *Gunga Din* and *The Absent-minded Beggar* at the top of its voice was really swayed by admiration for that shy and delicate lyrist in its estimate of Kipling's genius.

Yet there was nothing at all fortuitous about Kipling's success. It could not be called a fluke. To begin with, his work then and all through his life had the curious property of seeming better than it disclosed itself after a few years. Some of his work was gold; and the rest was faery gold. Moreover, it had rare qualities which made it superbly relevant to its time. The first two were the emphasis on colour in his style, and the vast geographical scope of his subject-matter, which made his work just the nourishment the English-speaking world required in the period surrounding the Jubilee and the Diamond Jubilee. I do not find that the post-war generation realises what marvellous shows these were, or how they enfranchised the taste for gorgeousness in a population that wore dark clothes, partly from a morbid conception of decorum and partly because cleaning was so expensive, and lived in drab and smoky times. Of the Jubilee I cannot speak; but of the Diamond Jubilee I have enchanting memories of such feasts for the eye as I do not think I knew again until the Russian Ballet came to dip the textiles of Western Europe in bright dyes. London was full of dark men from the ends of the earth who wore glorious colours and carried strange weapons, and who were all fond of small children and smiled at them in the streets. I remember still with a pang of ecstasy the gleaming teeth of a tall bearded warrior wearing a high headdress, gold earrings and necklaces, a richly multi-coloured uniform, and embroidered soft leather boots. There were also the Indian troops in Bushey Park, their officers exquisitely brown and still, and coiffed with delicately bright turbans, the men washing their clothes at some stretch of water, small and precise and beautiful. They came from remote places and spoke unknown tongues. They belonged to an infinite number of varied races. They were amiable, they belonged to our Empire, we had helped them to become amiable by conquering them and civilising them. It was an intoxicating thought; and it was mirrored in the work of Rudyard Kipling and nowhere else, for nobody could match his gift of reflecting visual impressions in his prose, and he alone among professional writers had travelled widely, and had the trick of condensing his travels into evocative runes which are almost as much magic as poetry. Hence he could restore confidence to a population that had slowly lost touch with their traditional assurances throughout the nineteenth century and give them a new sense of religious destiny. Since they were subjects of the British Empire they were members of a vast redemptory force.

And, indeed, that belief produced some not at all poisonous fruits. One night, when I was some years older, my mother returned from an expedition to town, and with flashing eyes described how she had come on a vast crowd standing round a hotel and raising cheer after cheer. Presently there appeared at the lighted window the stiff head and beard of Botha, woodenly bowing acknowledgments. The crowd had gathered to cheer the South African Generals, come to London to settle the peace, not (as one of the post-war generation startled me by assuming the other day on hearing this anecdote) because they were pro-Boer, but because they were full of the spirit of *parcere subjectis*. Uglier things have happened in history.

The third quality which made Kipling the presiding genius of his time was his passion for machinery. He assured the slaves of a mechanised world that what they tended were civilising forces; that the task of tending them was a discipline and high achievement, and that the humblest who performed that task worthily could hold up his head among kings. Again, he brought a sense of religious destiny back into a disorganised world. He was able, in fact, to render an immense service to his age, and it is no wonder that in his later years, when it became apparent that that age had passed for ever, he refused to recognise the change, and raised a disgruntled pretence that nothing was happening save an outburst of misconduct on the part of the intellectuals and the lower classes. It is no wonder that he should want to do so, human nature being as frail as it is; but it is surprising that the writer of the masterpiece *Kim* should have found himself able to do so.

It was partly the consequence of a real incapacity for handling general ideas and grasping the structure of the world in which he lived. He was full of contempt for Pagett, M.P., the radical English politician who came out to India for a few months and then laid down the law to administrators who had known the country for a lifetime. But Sir Edmund Gosse, that wavering convert to the conventional, who could never be trusted not to lapse into dangerous penetration and sincerity, once pointed out that whenever Kipling wrote about England or any place but India he was simply a Pagett M.P. turned inside out. This was partly due to his Indian childhood, but it must also be laid to the charge of the kind of education which England provides for its governing classes. It is interesting to turn back to his very early travel book, *From Sea to Sea*, if only to see how carefully he hammered out that descriptive style which has had even more influence in France than here, since it is the foundation of the best in *le grand reportage*; but it is interesting also as an indication of just how well Stalky & Co. were taught. It begins with a chapter of jeers at a wretched young man from Manchester on a trip through India, who had bought some silly sham antiques, and failed to understand the working of some wells on the plains. But in the later chapters Kipling himself travels through the Western States, only fifty years after the forty-niners, with not the faintest appreciation of what the settlement of the country meant. He gets off the train at Salt Lake City and has no word of reverence for that miracle of statesmanship which set a noble city and a stable State on a trackless and waterless desert. Merely he complains that the *Book of Mormon* is illiterate, that the Tabernacle is not pretty, and that polygamy is shocking. Could any young man from Manchester do worse? Surely the United Services College should have taught him better than that?

But the same wonder regarding the value of our English system of education arises when we look round at Kipling's admirers among the rich and great. He was their literary fetish; they treated him as the classic writer of our time; as an oracle of wisdom; as Shakespeare touched with grace and elevated to a kind of mezzanine rank just below the Archbishop of Canterbury. But he was nothing of the sort. He interpreted the mind of an age. He was a sweet singer to the last. He could bring home the colours and savours of many distant places. He liked the workmanship of many kinds of workers, and could love them as long as they kept their noses to their work. He honoured courage and steadfastness as they must be honoured. But he was not a faultless writer. His style was marred by a recurrent liability to a kind of two-fold vulgarity, a rolling over-emphasis on the more obviously picturesque elements of a situation, whether material or spiritual, and an immediate betrayal of the satisfaction felt in making that emphasis. It is not a vice that is peculiar to

him—perhaps the supreme example of it is Mr. Chesterton's *Lepanto*—but he committed it often and grossly. Furthermore, his fiction and his verse were tainted by a moral fault which one recognises most painfully when one sees it copied in French books which are written under his influence, such as M. de St. Exupéry's *Vol de Nuit*, with its strong, silent, self-gratulatory airmen, since the French are usually an honest people. He habitually claimed that any member of the governing classes who does his work adequately was to be regarded as a martyr who sacrificed himself for the sake of the people; whereas an administrator who fulfils his duties creditably does it for exactly the same reason that a musician gives a masterly performance on his fiddle or a house-painter gives a wall a good coat of varnish, because it is his job and he enjoys doing things well. But the worst of all was the mood of black exasperation in which Kipling thought and wrote during his later years. He had before him a people who had passed the test he had named in his youth—the test of war; and they had passed it with a courage that transcended anything he can have expected as far as war transcended in awfulness anything he can have expected. Yet they had only to stretch out a hand towards bread or peace or power or any of the goods that none could grudge them in this hour when all their governors' plans had broken down, for Kipling to break out in ravings against the greed and impudence of the age. Was this a tragedy to deplore or a pattern to copy?

But perhaps the rich and great admired Kipling for retiring into rage and shutting his eyes against his times, because they were obscurely conscious of the dilemma that must have faced him had he left them open. Supposing that one has pledged one's imagination before the war to the ideal of a great Power which would ruthlessly spread its pattern of civilisation over all conquerable lands so far as it could reach, without tenderness for its executives or the conquered peoples; which would count the slaves of the machines as the equal of kings, provided they performed their tasks with competence, and far superior to the intellectuals who are infatuated with the notion of freedom; which asked of its children discipline, and discipline, and then discipline, and stood proudly to meet the force of the world with force—what power would claim one's allegiance after the war, every year more surely? It has often seemed fantastic that the author of *MacAndrew's Hymn* should have feared and loathed the aeroplane. Perhaps he felt that, had he given his passion for machinery its head, that and the rest of his creed might have led him straight to Dnieprostroi.

REBECCA WEST

THE NEXT GLYNDEBOURNE FESTIVAL

IT is necessary to give early information to lovers of music about the next Glyndebourne Opera season because, owing to the limited accommodation and the unavoidably high prices of the seats, many who may ardently desire to hear the operas to be performed will be obliged to make arrangements long beforehand.

This year one additional opera by Mozart will be added to the repertory of the four operas which were given last year. This will be *Don Giovanni*, to be sung in the original Italian. The festival will therefore consist of five Mozart operas—*Don Giovanni*, *Die Zauberflöte*, *Le Nozze di Figaro*, *Cosi fan Tutte*, and *Die Entführung aus dem Serail*—and it will begin on Friday, May 29th, and finish on Sunday, July 5th.

The prices for individual seats are from £1 10*s*. to £2 for week-day performances. There are also a limited number of students' tickets available for dress rehearsals at 6*s*. each. Particulars of these and of subscription rates, together with the dates of the various operas, will no doubt be made public later. It is a great misfortune for many people that the prices are so high, but the only remedy for this would be a National Theatre. Unfortunately, it is very far from being certain or even probable that if we had a National Theatre it would ever be put under the right direction. For the opera side we should need at least a Fritz Busch and a Carl Ebert to give productions of the Glyndebourne standard, whereas in our National Theatre we are more likely to have—well, I had better not name the gentleman!

I suppose most readers of this paper go to some cinema or other once a week and pay anything from 1*s*. 4*d*. to 3*s*. 6*d*. for a seat. To forgo this extravagant amusement for about twenty weeks would be to have the price of a seat at Glyndebourne. But few readers will be under the necessity of such drastic self-discipline. If, however, instead of looking at it in this plain economic light one took into account the relative values obtained, then there is no comparison to be made between other expenditure for pleasure and the expenditure at Glyndebourne, because what is to be got at Glyndebourne is absolutely unique. Personally I wish it were possible to award seats at Glyndebourne only to those who are capable of an adequate appreciation of what is given to them there, but since this is impossible it is necessary to make clear to the few for whom it will be a matter of real difficulty to go that here is one of those rare occasions when a great effort will be justified and not wasted.

It is not an exaggeration to say that never before in England have operatic productions of such high quality and all-round perfection been known. These Mozart productions under Fritz Busch and Carl Ebert are both musically and dramatically on quite a different plane to the best performances that are to be heard at Covent Garden or elsewhere in England, and only *very occasionally* have special performances in Salzburg, Vienna, Munich and Berlin reached as high a level. Those who go to Glyndebourne will learn what operatic production can be and the majority will be hearing for the first time the operas of Mozart adequately materialised, so that the real conceptions of this great master may be understood.

What these conceptions are is still very imperfectly understood. Most of what is written in encyclopaedias and dictionaries of music and by musical critics and biographers of Mozart is either extremely childish or mere grammatical stuff which is a thousand miles away from the point. *Figaro*, which is so often represented as an elegant eighteenth-century *tour de force*, sparkling and perfect as the finest champagne, is a diabolical revolutionary work full of bitterness and violence and yet combining with this energy of hate an equal energy of love into a musical pattern of an extraordinary beauty which seems absolutely beyond the reach of time. In *Don Giovanni* Mozart has expressed one of the most insoluble and profound problems of human psychology in such perfection that the expression itself seems to be its own answer to the problem. In *Zauberflöte* and in *Die Entführung* we have two works which we may compare with Shakespeare's *Tempest* and *Twelfth Night* respectively. In *Cosi fan Tutte*—the least understood of all Mozart's great operas and yet perhaps the most perfect of all his works and certainly of a maturity of thought and power of expression far beyond the scope of *Die Entführung*—we have as in a microcosm the whole romantic love-life of men and women exhibited with an illusion-shattering realism such as no cynic or materialist could ever achieve, but lifted on to a super-personal plane where the struggles of the human individuals with their inevitable destinies are revealed in a fantasy of such power and beauty that it has a dream-like quality of revelation.

So far the production of *Cosi fan Tutte* is the greatest triumph of Glyndebourne, although *Figaro* is always likely to make the greatest appeal to the majority of music-lovers. But both these productions are near enough to perfection to satisfy the most exacting admirer of Mozart. I confess that I look forward with some anxiety and great curiosity to the production of *Don Giovanni*, which is the only opera to be added to the repertory this year. I have never known a satisfactory performance of this opera which is a masterpiece among masterpieces. The best performance of the role of *Don Giovanni* I have ever heard was given by the famous Italian baritone Stabile, but although he was individually

good the production otherwise on that occasion was far from satisfying. Apparently Willi Domgraf-Fassbaender is to be the Don Giovanni at Glyndebourne. He was a magnificent Figaro, but whether he will give the dignity and distinction necessary to the Don remains to be seen. Among last year's artists to be re-engaged are Aulikki Rautawara (Pamina and the Countess), Luise Helletsgruber (Donna Elvira, Cherubino and Dorabello), Ina Souez (Donna Anna and Fiordiligi), Audrey Mildmay (Susanna and Elvira), Heddle Nash, Roy Henderson and Alexander Kipais. It is not yet announced who the Leporello will be, but as this is a most important role, a miscasting of which may easily spoil the whole opera, I expect it is exercising the mind of Fritz Busch not a little. I can only hope that he may not be driven in desperation to give it to any of those practised routine Italian singers who, by dint of mediocre intelligence and stereotyped comic "business," ruin Mozart's finest effects. We are told that a discovery awaits us in the new singer who is to take the part of the Commendatore. That is good news. So now there is nothing for every music-lover to do but to save up for Glyndebourne and I await with impatience for Fritz Busch and Carl Ebert to make my blood run cold when the trombones at last announce the doom of Don Giovanni—that most thrilling of all dramatic climaxes.

W. J. TURNER

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"No Exit," at the Embassy

In this play an author pits his wits against a detective who wears an old school tie, but is not such a fool as he looks. Jim made a bet with Philip that he would report his disappearance and conceal him for a month from the inquisitiveness of the police. Hiding places were, first, a sliding panel with a conspicuous knob on it, secondly a Victorian barrel-topped trunk such as one has hardly seen in this century, thirdly, a cottage in the unfrequented wilds of Surrey. You will be surprised to hear Jim lost his bet. He nearly lost his life as well, for he and Philip went shooting at a hare in the dusk from opposite directions; Philip was shot dead; and Jim's answers to the detective suggested that he was not a very clever author. The end of the play is exciting and fairly unexpected. Mr. Robert Douglas unenterprisingly repeats his performance from *Ten Minutes' Alibi*, Mr. Ronald Simpson, Miss Elliot Mason and Mr. Cyril Raymond (as the Carthusian detective), give excellent performances. Altogether a very tolerable entertainment, much less good than *Ten Minutes Alibi*, but better than *Distinguished Gathering*.

Rome Scholarship Designs at the Imperial Institute

The British School at Rome is a most valuable institution, especially in archaeology. But the Rome scholarships in painting, sculpture and engraving are of most doubtful value to art, however agreeable to the students who win them. The exhibition, at the Imperial Institute, of the designs submitted for this year's scholarships shows a lamentably low average of accomplishment and taste. Most of the painters represented ought, one feels, to have been superannuated, but the schools which have encouraged them in such bad practices are most seriously to blame. One competitor, Miss Camilla Wybrants, is incomparably superior to all the others. Her projected mural decoration is very elegant, and her *Still Life* the only satisfactory easel picture in the exhibition. She did not win the scholarship—which is not surprising, since the most important members of the judging committee are Royal Academicians. But we expect to hear more of her: she would, we suspect, produce most admirable work for the theatre. The winning design is considerably less horrid than most of the others, but it is in a bad tradition, unorganised, conventional in colouring and faintly facetious. If this is the sort of thing that the scholarships encourage students to produce, the *prix de Rome* were better abolished. The winning sculpture, by Mr. Garth Williams, was comparatively honourable, and academic in the better sense of the word; and Mr. John A. Danford submitted a group which had considerable charm. The ugliness and illiteracy of most of the pictures suggest the need of a Commission to inquire into the teaching of art in this country. The exhibition remains open till February 8th, and amateurs of art who have the courage to face facts can be recommended to visit it.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, January 24th—
British Women's Symphony Orchestra, Queen's Hall, 8.15.

SATURDAY, January 25th—
Eric Gill on "Art Under Dictatorship," 4 Meard Street (off Dean Street, Soho), 3.
Lenin Memorial Meetings. Speeches by Harry Pollitt, A. J. Cummings and John Bromley, and presentation of "Three Songs of Lenin," Cambridge Theatre, 5.45 and 8.40.

SUNDAY, January 26th—
Rt. Hon. Lord Snell on "Western Civilisation and the Challenge of Asia," Conway Hall, 11.
Major L. F. I. Athill on "British Red Cross Work in Ethiopia," Guildhouse, Eccleston Square, 3.30.
English Wind Players, Working Men's College, Crowndale Rd., 6.30.
Robert Heckert on "America: To-day and To-morrow," Oliver Goldsmith School, Peckham Road, 7.
W. H. Thompson on "Home Office and the Police," Marx House, Clerkenwell Green, 7.30.

MONDAY, January 27th—
Cecil Day Lewis on "The Outlook for Literature," Institute of Education, Southampton Row, 7.30.
J. E. L. Birch on "World Conciliation and Its Problems: Migration and Population," Conway Hall, 8.30.
"Animal Crackers," Everyman Cinema, Hampstead.
"Catiline," Croydon Repertory Theatre.

TUESDAY, January 28th—
J. McCabe on "The Menace of the Catholic Church," Conway Hall, 7.

WEDNESDAY, January 29th—
Ann Bridge on "The Novel and the Conventions," Foyle Art Gallery, Charing Cross Road, 5.30.
Films and Film Making. Basil Wright on "The Camera," 36 Tavistock Place, 8.

THURSDAY, January 30th—
Kingsley Martin on "The Future of the B.B.C.," Livingstone Hall, 8.
Royal Philharmonic Society, conducted by Dr. Adrian Boult, Queen's Hall, 8.15.
"The Coconuts," Everyman Cinema, Hampstead.

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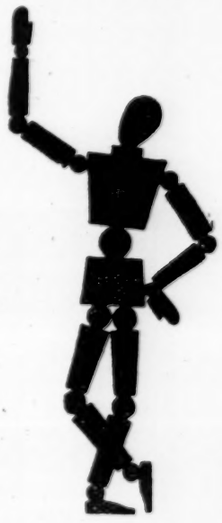

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Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

EVERY week, for some months, I have noticed *Life With Father* by Clarence Day holding a high place in the list of best sellers printed in the back pages of the *New York Herald Tribune* Book Supplement. *Life With Father* (Chatto and Windus, 7*s.* 6*d.*) has been published this week in England and I picked it up to see why it has had such an astonishing success. It more than deserves its popularity and it certainly ought to give pleasure in thousands of English homes. *Life With Father* covers the period from the eighties until the European War and the author has exploited to the full the amusing period setting of what was indeed "little old New York." Clarence junior sets off in his Eton collar beside Father wearing a top hat, morning coat and carrying a cane, in the little steam train puffing along the elevated, to visit Father's office in a shabby old house in Wall Street—where there are two kinds of ink in stone jars—a copying press with an iron wheel and messenger boys running in and out all the time—since there are no telephones. On a Saturday afternoon, after a luncheon at Delmonico's, Father takes little Clarence on a steam boat to Staten Island to see Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show with cowboys and sharpshooters, and the Indians' attack on the old Deadwood Stage coach. On the way home little Clarence says he wants to be a cowboy, and Father chuckles and says: "Put your cap on straight. I am trying to bring you up to be a civilised man." Oddly enough he seems to have been successful. Father was keen on civilisation which he measured by getting his socks from an English haberdasher in Paris, by having iced water always ready for him to drink, by having wine kept in a wine cellar at exactly the right temperature and served at all his meals. He was charming in society, gallant to ladies and a bit of a dandy . . . but he was no more civilised than an Iroquois.

* * *

The love of "period" flavour is partly genuine interest in the past; partly the uneasy desire of a generation, which knows that it has got the big things of life into a damnable mess, to reassure itself cheaply at the expense of previous generations which had to do without telephones and radio, which believed in God and didn't believe in germs. This book may appeal to people with this uneasiness, but it is completely free from it. Mr. Clarence Day, Jr., is not simply raising a laugh at his father's expense, or enjoying a well-deserved revenge, he is exhibiting a character whom he battled with and loved and understood inside out. *Life With Father* has some of the quality of Gosse's *Father and Son* as well as that of a most sympathetic caricature.

* * *

Mr. Day senior was a magnificent example of male egotist, the family tyrant who is absolutely impervious to everyone's point of view and to everyone's comfort but his own.

> When the household expenses shot up very high, Father got frightened. He would then, as Mother put it, yell his head off. He always did some yelling anyhow, merely on general principles, but when his alarm was genuine he roared in real anguish. Usually this brought the total down again, at least for a time.

The same noisy method was applied whenever anything whatever interfered in the slightest degree with his comfort. If there was a hole in his sock, or the coffee was badly made at breakfast, or his wife's relations threatened to come and stay, or one of his family were ill, or he had a sleepless night, or he had to pack a trunk to go away to the country, Father always yelled and roared until the trouble was cleared up. Yet the Day family must not be pitied too much: they had their own ways of dealing with their tyrant. Mother was in many ways quite Father's match. Indeed she was ideally suited to him. She rarely flinched at the prospect of a fight and often won. Thus she got away to visit Egypt with a party of friends, while Father stayed in New York, and she successfully refused to hand over the balance of the letter of credit he had given her for the trip. She was in a particularly strong position about finance, as she couldn't keep accounts and wouldn't try. When Father gave her six dollars to buy a new coffee pot, she chose one for four dollars fifty and had it put down on account. When Father questioned the item, she declared she had saved him a dollar and a half and insisted on being paid it, in cash. She was equally high-handed socially, accepting invitations to dinner for both of them without telling him, and inviting people to stay.

> One of the things Father especially detested about guests was the suddenness with which they arrived. So far as he knew they invariably came without warning. The reason Mother never told him in advance was that he'd then have two explosions—one when he was forbidding their coming, and one when they came.

* * *

The children were more detached. Though they were pounced on and cursed and lectured and forced to play musical instruments, they led their own lives and saw their father in perspective. Thus though Father made a point of their being down to breakfast, only George got down early, so early that he had time to practise for a few minutes on the piano.

> The reason why George was so prompt was that he was in a hurry to see the sporting page before Father got hold of the newspaper, and the reason he then played the piano was to signal to the rest of us, as we dressed, which team had won yesterday's ball game. He had made up a code for this purpose, and we leaned over the banisters, pulling on our stockings and shoes, to hear him announce the results . . . while Father looked over the political headlines, George banged out the baseball news for us on the piano. Father used to admonish him with a chuckle not to bang it so hard but George felt that he had to. We were at the top of the house and he wanted to be sure we should hear him even if we were brushing our teeth . . . while Father impatiently muttered to himself, *Trop de zèle.*

Father disapproved of professional baseball; his sons led their own life under his nose. Later on a difficulty arose because he had christened his eldest son Clarence after himself, and so naturally opened all the boy's letters. If he came on anything he couldn't understand, such as the sentimental reflections of some schoolgirl about life, he would read it out incredulously to the family at breakfast, or angrily exclaiming Rubbish! throw it into the wastepaper basket. His son now realises that these experiences drew them closer together, for while his brothers had chance battles, he had a war with his father which made them surprisingly intimate. There was much the same trouble when the telephone was finally installed.

> He always assumed when the bell rang that it was a message for him. The idea that it might be a call for Mother or one of the rest of us seemed wholly improbable. If he let anyone but himself answer, he would keep calling out and asking who it was and what it was all about anyhow, while we tried, in the midst of his shouts, to hear some of the message. When we said it was something that didn't concern him, he was incredulous, and had to have it explained to make sure.

* * *

The picture is, you see, familiar. I laughed so much, that I began reading the book aloud at tea, and my wife laughed as much as I. Then I noticed that though my sons were listening with interest, they did not laugh, and were not amused. They may have more reasonably expected us to blush. One cannot laugh light-heartedly at a tyranny until one has escaped from it, and all parents are tyrants to their children. Their seriousness made me think, not of how many domestic vices I shared with Father, but of which ones Mr. Clarence Day, Jr., had left out. One of them certainly is the lecture on the text of Pearls Before Swine. For example I grow and like medlars and in the beginning of December you may hear:

> What not like medlars? Good gracious me! In years to come you'll look back on these medlars with mouths that water at the recollection.

Life With Father is a perfect book to read aloud, though perhaps not for the Father of a family. It is by no means merely a caricature of a generation when manners and customs were different, but a picture of the eternal verities of family life.

DAVID GARNETT

POTTING PHILOSOPHY

A Guide to Philosophy. By C. E. M. JOAD. *Gollancz.* 6*s.*

Mr. Joad has an unusual gift of exposition: and his new book is an excellent example of his power of writing lucidly about very difficult subjects. The intelligent layman whom he addresses in his Introduction will not be disappointed: here, packed into under 600 pages, is a concise statement of the problems now under discussion in the places where philosophy is still discussed, and of the solutions offered by the chief philosophical schools. Each of us, no doubt, will find the account of our particular beliefs very superficial, but most of us will find that Mr. Joad has dealt very fairly with those views which we do not happen to hold. That this should be so is, I think, a proof that Mr. Joad has done what he set out to do.

And yet the net result is curiously unsatisfactory. "Is this all that the philosophers can do?" is the question which many readers will ask themselves when they close the book. If Plato and Kant and Hegel spent their lives on the job and had only this to show for it, why does anyone go on philosophising to-day? Science at least *advances*, and a textbook of science can indicate a systematic increase of knowledge all along the line. A modern scientist can, for this reason, expound Newton's theories and indicate their insufficiency without any charge of impertinence. The opposite is true of philosophy. There we can point to no general line of advance, no systematic addition to knowledge. The historical development wavers and twists. Plato goes out of fashion in one century, only to be rediscovered in the next. We can point to hardly a page of Hegel which would gain universal consent to-day; but, for all we know, Hegel will stage a comeback within the next fifty years.

The development of philosophy is indeed as wayward as the development of aesthetic taste. There, too, we find a curious see-saw of fashion, but it is noteworthy that few would pretend either that taste was closely related to knowledge or that taste "progressed." Most of us would agree that changes in taste were largely conditioned by social and political forces: that there are certain great artists and writers who will always be admired as long as Western European civilisation continues, but that the particular social environment will produce in each succeeding generation a leaning to certain of them, and a lack of enthusiasm for others.

A similar process seems to occur with regard to philosophers. We recognise certain of them as "classics," but the particular philosophy which we acclaim varies from time to time. Hume was once only an Aunt Sally—now it is Hegel whom we put up for our pupils to knock down, and Hume is again a great man. How is this possible if philosophy is not a matter of taste but of *truth?*

Mr. Joad does not answer this question. Instead he writes in his Introduction:

> . . for some, the very inconclusiveness of philosophy is its attraction. It is not knowledge, but the quest for it which they find exciting, and there would seem to them to be something trite and obvious about a universe which permitted itself to be wholly known. *It is pleasant to keep alive the sense of wonder* (my italics) by contemplating the richness and the strangeness of the world.

This looks perilously near to saying "I rather like speculating and so I take up philosophy, which is the search for truth in a sphere where truth is impossible." But Mr. Joad does not maintain this view consistently; on page 258 he writes: "Unless I thought that philosophy had some contribution to make to the answering of such questions as, 'What sort of universe is this in which we are living?' and 'How ought we to live in it?' I, for one, should have no interest in philosophy." It is, I think, Mr. Joad's feeling that philosophy is an elegant pursuit or pastime in which the activity of philosophising is more important than the truth (if any) to be achieved. On this view a guide to philosophy would mean an introduction to philosophising, and it is remarkable that both Plato and Kant believed that books on philosophy should not teach philosophy in the sense of making the student acquainted with a number of philosophical systems, but should make them philosophise, that is, think out a system for themselves.

But I do not think Mr. Joad's book will achieve this object. It neither gives the layman a position from which he can start thinking for himself nor does it introduce him thoroughly to the thought of any great philosopher. To be made *au fait* with the problems of modern art is not to be made an artist, but a "cultured man." The same is true of philosophy, with the additional disadvantage that philosophical "culture," while enabling you to discuss philosophical problems with your friends, does not give you any respect for the great philosophers. Mr. Joad nowhere raises the fundamental problem, What is a "great philosopher"? He certainly cannot be merely a thinker with whom we agree, nor one who has, in our opinion, worked out a consistent system. Many philosophers have done both these things and still remain insignificant. For this reason a bare exposition of the various philosophical systems inevitably makes Kant a thinker of much the same calibre as William James. Their arguments in potted form seem equally convincing or unconvincing according to the readers' tastes. And yet Kant was a great philosopher and William James was not. The truth is that you can no more pot *The Critique* than you can pot *Pickwick*. And so *A Guide to Philosophy* falls between three stools. It is neither a history of philosophy, nor an introduction to the great philosophers, nor an exposition of the problems which face a philosopher to-day. But it *is* a brilliant summary of the subjects which professional philosophers are teaching, and it is therefore chiefly interesting to the educationist, for it indicates how uncertain the professional philosopher is whether it is the history of philosophy or the art of philosophising which he is meant to teach.

Mr. Joad omits from his survey the whole of moral philosophy and theology. This omission is, of course, due to an arbitrary division of the subject for teaching purposes. Though perhaps unavoidable, it is unfortunate. A philosophy is a unity or it is nothing. A great philosophy is the articulation of a *Weltanschauung* which the common man feels, but is unable to express, and must therefore be intimately concerned with morals and with religion. To evaluate and to direct the thought of his epoch is the distinguishing mark of the great philosopher. By limiting his attention to the theory of knowledge and to metaphysics, Mr. Joad has made it impossible for the layman fully to appreciate this, or to understand why there can never be progress in philosophy of the kind which we find in the natural sciences.

Perhaps it is perverse to criticise a book for what it is not! Let me therefore repeat that *A Guide to Philosophy* is as good a text-book as any which I have read. But is it not possible that partly owing to his deliberate omissions, and partly to his admirably lucid style, Mr. Joad may baffle the reader who really wants to know what philosophy is about? There is a real danger of simplifying philosophy out of existence.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

NEW NOVELS

Edna His Wife. By MARGARET AYER BARNES. *Cape.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Hands. By CHARLES G. NORRIS. *Heinemann.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Hester and Her Family. By H. W. FREEMAN. *Chatto and Windus.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Out of That Dream. By KATHERINE NEWBORG. *Heinemann.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

In the stimulating internecine controversy that shook the peace of these columns not long ago, it was suggested by Mr. Cyril Connolly that American novels were more interesting than English, because the American novelist was able to draw on the resources of a richer and more variegated scene. To this, Mr. David Garnett retorted—and retorted with some indignation—that richness or poverty of subject-matter was beside the point: that dentist's assistants in Peckham and lapdogs in Wimpole Street were as rewarding as gangsters, pugilists and hard-boiled newspaper-men when the mind of a really good writer was present to transform them into the stuff of imaginative fiction. In one respect, at any rate, both opponents seem to me to have overstated their case. It is true, no doubt, that a writer of genius does not rely on his material; but it is also true that a novelist of middling accomplishments is much better for a theme from which it is possible for his readers to derive some kind of incidental interest or information. Americans write good documentary novels, because the ground they have to cover is not only abundant, but comparatively unexploited. In England, a thousand years of settled life have smoothed out many excrescences, rubbed away many barriers and spread over the whole surface of the English world a sort of glossy patina that it needs a novelist of something approaching genius to break through. In America, on the other hand, where many different races are still being rendered down into a uniform social mixture, contrasts are vivid and sudden as nowhere else: the reporter's notebook is soon crammed with

lively jottings. He can choose between a dozen racial communities —select a particular district and make it his own.

Both *Edna His Wife* and *Hands* belong to the category of good second-class American documentary novels. They impart interesting information about a particular stratum of American society and, in doing so, manage to tell us a great deal about the development of certain large American cities—how they grew and the type of man who built them. Both books, as it happens, are protests against money; for they show money as a means that swallows up the end, leaving the money-getter a rather colourless and fretful appendage of the huge money-making machine that he has set in motion. Miss Barnes's novel deals with wealth from the point of view of the rich man's wife. When the story opens, Edna Jones is stepping from her limousine at eleven o'clock in the morning, to spend two hours of tranquillity and obscurity in the comfortable and romantic gloom of a super-cinema. What has reduced her to this plight? Edna Jones is plump, healthy, well-corseted, well-massaged, expensively attired; and readers of the *New Yorker* may form a mental image of the disconsolate Mrs. Jones as just the kind of portly yet sprightly, gentle yet vivacious, middle-aged American woman whom that brilliant artist, Miss Helen Hokinson, loves to depict. She is faintly absurd yet, at the same time, slightly pathetic. In her first chapter, Miss Barnes draws the heroine of her novel as a silly, charming, pretty girl, the daughter of a rural station-master on the outskirts of Chicago. Next she describes Edna's meeting with the dashing young lawyer's clerk, who impresses her as the most fascinating young man she has ever met. In the face of considerable opposition from Edna's family they get married; and there follows an account of how, slowly and painfully, Edna discovers that her husband is a self-centred careerist, and of the gradual disillusionment that invades her life.

Edna His Wife is, on the whole, an extremely pleasant book, neither elegant in writing nor profound in design, yet interesting and quietly readable from start to finish. *Hands* is a more pretentious production. Mr. Norris has a preference for stark monosyllabic titles. He is the author of *Zest*, *Seed*, *Salt*, *Brass*, *Bread*, *Pig Iron*; but from this rather grim announcement the reader may gain an entirely erroneous impression of Mr. Norris's latest book. Like Miss Barnes's tale, it is painstaking and thorough. *Hands* runs to more than six hundred closely printed pages; and, step by step, Mr. Norris chronicles the rise, triumph, decadence and resurrection of an American middle-class family—Michael Baker, a journeyman carpenter who develops revivalist leanings; Martin, his son, who after various emotional setbacks, returns to San Francisco where he achieves power and wealth; Michael's grandson who is overwhelmed by the slump and thus reduced to the same social and financial status as his grandfather. Though not a good novel, *Hands* contains an extremely interesting picture of social change, at a period when the America that collapsed in the depression was just coming into existence. The panorama of early San Francisco is remarkably vivid; and many of the incidental portraits stand out from the background of the narrative in sharp relief.

Hester and Her Family is much less readable. Though he uses what is generally termed a "large canvas," Mr. Norris is sensible enough to employ moderately sober colours; while Mr. Freeman splashes them on with an exuberant brush. Here is the story of an English farm-girl, daughter of an itinerant drover and the draggle-tailed doxy who leaves her father's homestead to follow him round England. Brought up as a foundling, Hester is apprenticed as a kitchen-maid, seduced by a repulsive rustic amorist, swept off her feet by the attractions of her employer's undergraduate son—an exceedingly romantic figure, then married in haste for fear of a scandal. Whereat, her vigorous love-life begins again and provides the material of another two hundred and fifty pages.

Mr. Freeman's descriptive method tends to jauntiness. Seldom have I read a novel in which rustic maidens were rounder, solider and more willing, or in which the charms of apple cheeks, bursting bodices and rolling hips were celebrated with more monotonous gusto. The whole atmosphere of the book is slightly unreal. Amorous rustics, the devil-may-care undergraduate whom Hester admires when she catches sight of him stripped to the waist shadow-boxing in front of his bedroom mirror, his lascivious but puritanical old father whose greatest joy is the annotation and collation of the less seemly Latin classics—all these characters, including Hester herself, have been so simplified that their adventures soon lose interest. Was life, one asks, ever as simple, hearty and sensuous as Mr. Freeman would have us believe? Oh for a lurking worm in the bud! Oh for the green-fly of the intelligence to lend a touch of sickly distinction to some of these over-blown cabbage-roses! But Mr. Freeman has no use for the finer shades. A pity; since his first novel, *Joseph and His Brethren*, I remember as an unusually good book.

While Mr. Freeman's novel suggests the jollity of Flemish art, *Out of That Dream* is a water-colour and one that errs on the side of delicacy, pallor and over-refinement. Here is another of those mysterious literary liners, with its enigmatic captain, eccentric passenger-list and general air of something—one is never quite sure what—but something exceedingly important just about to happen. Redley is an exquisite and elusive young girl. Fragonard, whose "white face looked as delicate, as soulful as an El Greco saint's," is an even more exquisite and elusive middle-aged man; and when Dalton, his devoted companion, contemplates his friend leaning in a Byronic attitude over the rail on the first day of the trip, "a wave of love for this man whom he had worshipped and served for ten years shook his body." Naturally, the contact of two souls as well-born as Fragonard's and Redley's was likely to have interesting repercussion; and "it is almost sacrilege to state (observes the dust-cover) that Redley falls in love with Fragonard and he more than he knows with her," for such bald statements cannot do justice to their state of mind. Miss Newborg has the makings of an intelligent novelist; but in her next novel I hope she sticks to *terra firma*.

PETER QUENNELL

POIROT AGAIN

The A.B.C. Murders. By AGATHA CHRISTIE. *Collins.* 7s. 6d.
Murder Isn't Easy. By RICHARD HULL. *Faber and Faber.* 7s. 6d.
The Deadly Jest. By VIRGIL MARKHAM. *Collins.* 7s. 6d.
Vultures in the Sky. By TODD DOWNING. *Methuen.* 7s. 6d.
Death in the Tunnel. By MILES BURTON. *Collins.* 7s. 6d.
A Word of Six Letters. By HERBERT ADAMS. *Collins.* 7s. 6d.
Death in the Wheelbarrow. By WILLIAM GORE. *Harrap.* 7s. 6d.
Long Shadows. By LADY SANDERSON. *Constable.* 7s. 6d.
The Red Widow Murders. By CARTER DICKSON. *Heinemann.* 7s. 6d.

Once more our half-yearly homage is due to Mrs. Christie, who has held the throne of detection for the last ten years, and brooks no rival near her. There have been Old Pretenders, Mr. A. E. W. Mason for instance, and many Young Pretenders, but where are they now? "Where (gaudy) Night and Chaos hold eternal anarchy." *The A.B.C. Murders* is not constructed on such rigorous chess-problem lines as *Death in the Clouds*, but in the more flamboyant style of Mrs. Christie's earlier works. There is, however, such a severe warning to reviewers on the dust cover not to reveal by any hint the solution that the plot had better be left to the publisher's blurb. There we read that the murderer is evidently a maniac bent on working his way through a whole alphabet of victims, who leaves a railway A.B.C. beside each corpse, open at the name of the place where the murder has been committed. The one mistake he or she makes is to challenge Poirot to frustrate this alphabetical complex before it reaches Z. I have condensed the blurb deliberately because in my case the publishers by their prolixity had already done what they entreat the reviewer not to do, and given away the solution. But the consequences were not nearly as disastrous as they imagined. This reader's pleasure was not in the least spoiled by their betrayal; and that I believe to be one of the few irrefutable proofs of a first class detective story. Provided the garden path is laid out on ingenious enough lines, who minds whether they are led up it by Mrs. Christie or follow it of their own accord to its foregone conclusion? Allowance had better be made for personal bias, as this particular garden path, although I shall never be allowed to divulge its beauties in print, is one I am especially fond of. If in doubt, the dust cover should be destroyed before reading, and the rest can safely be left to Mrs. Christie. Once she starts her beguiling tricks nobody is going to find the solution as easy as ABC.

Murder Isn't Easy confirms the belief that Mr. Richard Hull resents the limitations of the detective story *pur sang* and hankers after new "angles" from which to invade the crime world. The book is well-written, like Mr. Hull's previous works, and earns

respect rather than admiration. The somewhat disingenuous plot by which two directors of an advertising agency lose their lives is a mere background to the elaborate character sketches of which the author of *Keep it Quiet* is so fond.

Two Americans "muscle in" on an Earl's castle in Pembrokeshire in such determined fashion that the Countess has to wire to her uncle, ex-Inspector Rusby, for assistance in driving them out. Such is the gay, improbable outset of *The Deadly Jest*; and the jesting is so continuous that the tardy arrival of death hardly seems in key with the rest of the proceedings. Mr. Markham is very entertaining with this comic opera detective stuff that makes no demand on the intelligence.

Vultures in the Sky are hovering in Mexico, waiting for the accumulated bodies to be thrown out of the Pullman car stranded in the desert beyond San Luis Potosi. It sounds exciting, and the excitement is forthcoming. The Pullman from San Antonio to Mexico City contains a killer, a detective and an assortment of Americans with the most tiresome names, which, though a matter of indifference to the vultures, make very sticky reading for anyone trying to sort out the killer. I cannot say how baffling the plot is, as I was already baffled by Searcey, Talcott, Radcott, Spahr and Rennert. (How delighted I was with King! I kept hoping K was for killer.) Further I was baffled by the railway time-table which is of no importance, and by the absence of a plan of the Pullman, which is of vital importance. But I suspect that the author would baffle everyone even if these defects were rectified, because in the end even the vultures were baffled. Altogether a wildly exciting and baffling book.

Death in the Tunnel, *Death in the Wheelbarrow* and *A Word of Six Letters* are compounded of standard materials by gentlemen who know all about mass production technique. The results are exactly what one expects; unpretentious, readable books which neither disappoint nor exhilarate. The wheel-barrow contained the body of a middle-class bachelor who had retired to live in the country on £1,200 a year, and was wheeled along a country lane just after closing time in the village pub. The tunnel (Blackdown tunnel on a suburban line) was exploited most recklessly by a murderer to make the death of a company director in a first class carriage look like suicide. The word of six letters was found to be applicable to the death of a rich Dorset squire, who went out for a ride and was found with a broken neck. The villain is conspicuous in *A Word of Six Letters*, fairly guessable in *Death in the Tunnel*, and frankly imposed on readers of *Death in the Wheelbarrow*. Lady Sanderson makes her *début* with *Long Shadows*, a story of murder in Mayfair. She has concentrated so wholeheartedly on the dovetailing of her plot that it works to perfection. Unfortunately she has not yet mastered the next stage in detective authorship and learnt to varnish over the joins in her carpentry. Consequently her villain is so ostentatiously prominent throughout as to be quite embarrassing. But I trust when she learns the more advanced tricks of the trade she will not lose her admirable conscientiousness towards the reader.

Mr. Carter Dickson revels in situations which border on the supernatural. In *The Red Widow Murders* a man is murdered in the usual locked room with his friends within call, a repetition of the theme of his *Plague Court Mystery*. The crime is, of course, elucidated by Sir Henry Merrivale as just another instance of devilish human ingenuity. But I do wish Mr. Dickson would keep the Indian arrow poison out of his deaths and our lives.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

ENGELS

Friedrich Engels. By GUSTAV MAYER. *Chapman and Hall.* 15s.

A really good biography of Engels in English has long been needed. Now Professor Mayer—the greatest living authority upon the subject—has supplied it in a book which is an admirable example of what the average reader at his best requires. The scholar, indeed, will still have to go to the two ample German volumes in which Professor Mayer has told the story with a completeness of knowledge which perhaps only two living scholars can rival. But for ordinary humanity what is here given us is excellent both in amount and in quality. It makes first-rate reading.

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sensitive; these are his outstanding qualities. He has, also, a joviality, a sense of proportion, an ability to see men and things in the round, which are not always characteristic of the exile. No doubt he made his mistakes. No doubt, also, even after nearly fifty years' residence in this country, he remained in many and curious ways remote from the inwardness of English life. But he emerges here not merely as a great man, but also as one for whom it is impossible not to feel affection and respect.

The second great merit of the book is that, at long last, we are given for the first time a really full treatment of Engels in the years after Marx's death. He amply repays study in those years. The guardianship of the inheritance reveals him in his characteristic role of the generous and self-sacrificing friend. But the width of his insight, the range of his interests, the way in which he became a kind of father-confessor to the International Socialist movement—of all this Professor Mayer paints a most revealing picture. No doubt Engels made his mistakes. His simplicity is revealed by his championship of Edward Aveling and his curious over-estimation of Eleanor Marx's influence. He is never fair to the early Fabians. He does not always apply his own principles to judgment upon the course of the English movements about which he writes. But, as a whole, the creativeness, the mature wisdom of these years, is remarkable. If his letters to Bebel and Kautsky in this period could be edited in an English translation—those to Kautsky are now available in German—they would make as illuminating a commentary on British Labour in the last quarter of the nineteenth century as we are likely to have. Professor Mayer could render us yet one more service by editing such a book. No one could do it better.

The third great merit of this biography is its freedom from the burden of doctrinal controversy, and its detachment from those angry personalia which, after so long a lapse of time, mean little to ourselves. Professor Mayer writes of the period, whether it is Borne or Hess, Lassalle or Hyndman, in the temper of a civilised man. He tells us all we need to know without subscribing to the principle that all must be defamed save the protagonists of Marxism. The result is a discussion of personal relationships in which immediate acerbities have been softened by the gentleness of time. The weaknesses of Lassalle, the vanity of Hyndman, do not emerge less adequately; but they have their proper proportion. Would that all biographies of great Socialist leaders were written in this temper.

This is the first English work of a great German scholar whom fate has exiled to this country. There is no student of its subject here who will not be anxious at once to salute its distinguished author and to hope that he will go on with his studies. We cannot have too much work on the great formative epoch of Socialist thought so fine in quality and so humane in spirit.

HAROLD J. LASKI

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ARTHUR BARKER

A BUNDLE OF PLAYS

Four Plays In One Volume. By ADOLPHUS ALFRED JACK. *Maclehose.* 7s. 6d.

The Young King. By LAURENCE BINYON. *Macmillan.* 6s.

Captain Falstaff and Other Plays. By CONAL O'RIORDAN. *Arrowsmith.* 5s.

The Petrified Forest. By ROBERT SHERWOOD. *Scribners.* 7s. 6d.

Jayhawker. A Play in Three Acts. By SINCLAIR LEWIS and LLOYD LEWIS. *Cape.* 3s. 6d.

Seven Plays In One Volume. Various Authors. *Heinemann.* 7s. 6d.

Four Plays. By F. L. LUCAS. *Cambridge University Press.* 8s. 6d.

The books on the above list number seven, and one of them contains seven plays. What more natural than that I should be reminded of seven maids with seven mops:

> "If seven maids with seven mops
> Swept it for half a year,
> Do you suppose," the Walrus said,
> "That they could get it clear?"

The lines strike me as apposite. As the walrus was wondering how to tackle such quantities of sand, so am I wondering how to tackle such quantities of plays. How can I read them all? Plays are nearly as hard to read as musical scores. To understand and appreciate a printed play, to come to any definite conclusion about its merits, one has to imagine its going through the process called "performance." Until the dramatist's work is interpreted by actors in a scene, it is unfinished, hardly in a state to be criticised. Realising this, the critic tries, as he reads a play, to supply a mental interpretation. A difficult task, so difficult that it is usually shirked. How much easier just to read the play as if it were a novel, and not worry about how it would act!

It was a relief to me to find there was no need to worry about this, when reading Dr. Jack's plays. It is clear from his preface that his experiments in poetic drama were made for other purposes than stage presentation. The chief one was to interest readers in his solutions of dramatic problems. "Why should not one, for once," he writes of the last play in this volume, *What's Concluded?* "take the bull by the horns, and boldly produce a play in which the reader is not intended to know more of the circumstances than he actually would, if they had actually taken place in his own vicinity?" It is a question whether Dr. Jack's excellent imitation of Elizabethan verse is a suitable medium for such an experiment.

A poetic drama, if it is written by a poet, which very often in our time it is not, may appeal to lovers of poetry, however slight its dramatic merits. A fine poet who is also a fine dramatist and can prove poetry to be the greatest medium a dramatist can employ is a rare bird. Mr. Laurence Binyon has more talent as a poet than as a dramatist, yet he does succeed in *The Young King* (the theme of which is the rebellion against Henry II of his eldest son, whom he had crowned in his lifetime, with tragic results) in convincing us that he did well to write it in verse. His characters express themselves easily and naturally in this ordered speech. But the expression lacks idiosyncrasy. One can get no more than a rough, general notion of the characters and their motives from the dialogue.

Conal O'Riordan was asking for trouble when he filched the character of Falstaff from Shakespeare and put it into a play of his own. The impudent theft was bound to cause irritation, whatever use was made of it. And a very poor use has been made of it. *Captain Falstaff* is the worst of the four plays in the volume to which it gives the title. *The Piper* is the best, although Lady Gregory's description of it as "the history of Ireland in one act" flatters it too much. The Abbey Theatre dramatists have always been prone to handing one another bouquets. The most valuable tribute to *The Piper* is that it has been

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Caroline FRANCIS's *DIRECTOR's CORRIDOR*

Miss Hall, the Director's Secretary, was found dead in the Company's Board room. If you work in an office, or have ever done so, you will enjoy this clever first novel.

All novels 7/6 unless otherwise stated

acted almost continuously for a quarter of a century. *An Imaginary Conversation* has had the same prolonged success on the stage, and very naturally Mr. O'Riordan is proud that Miss Marie Tempest played the part of Kate Moore in one of the revivals.

I associate the name of Robert Sherwood with two memorable experiences in the theatre. His play *The Road to Rome* failed to attract the London public, but it scored a great success with me. Of all the attempts in recent times to show through the medium of historical drama that while the clothes, manners, customs, institutions and morals of the present are very different from those of the past, man himself has changed very little, Mr. Sherwood's was the most satisfying. I found his *Reunion in Vienna*, which had better luck on the London stage, quite as fascinating. So I opened *The Petrified Forest*, confident that Mr. Sherwood would not let me down. I had not read very far before I felt I was being let down, not by Mr. Sherwood, but by my ignorance of American dialects. As I can hardly do justice to a play the dialogue of which is as unintelligible to me as a mass of hieroglyphics, I had better not offer an opinion of it. The New York dramatic critics praised it very highly at the time of its production, one of them describing it as "literate melodrama . . . good, gusty excitement."

Jayhawker, being only 75 per cent. American, puzzled me less than *The Petrified Forest*. It is fairly easy reading, and the authors, Sinclair Lewis and Lloyd Lewis, have been kind enough to make it easier by telling us what it is about on the "jacket." The enigma of the title is solved there. "The Jayhawkers of the Civil War were those abolitionists and free soilers in Illinois and Kansas, who, even before the firing on Sumter, carried on a guerilla warfare." The Jayhawker hero of the play, Ace Burdett, is a fine part, one which would have fitted Louis Calvert. He should have died hereafter. This is a man's play, the women in it are shadows. It is untidy and straggling, perhaps because the authors have chosen to print it as they wrote it, before a producer had tidied it up for performance. A play with any amount of "pep"; stirring, vigorous, resounding with rifle cracks.

Seven Plays. The first thing to say about them is that they are not dear at seven shillings and sixpence. They are all by famous and popular authors, Noel Coward, J. B. Priestley, Frederick Lonsdale, Clemence Dane, etc. They have all been acted with success. I was glad to be able to read *Conversation Piece*, for I never heard a word of Mr. Coward's witty lyrics when they were sung in the theatre. I was glad to be able to read Clemence Dane's *Moonlight in Silver*, for I never saw it on the stage, where, I am told, the very fine "jealousy" scene in the last act was not acted for all it is worth.

I consider it fortunate that Mr. Lucas's *Four Plays* reached me when I had recovered from this satiety. For the plays are very good reading, and I should have missed something if, through a distempered appetite, I had been able only to toy with them languidly. Poet, critic, compiler of anthologies, and novelist, Mr. Lucas is surprisingly at ease in a medium to which the most versatile writers seldom take like ducks to the water. His stage directions will be found useful by readers who apply themselves to the task of mental interpretation, but they are at times irritatingly lavish. Two of the plays, *Land's End*, a modern tragedy in a Cornish setting, and *Surrender to Discretion*, a modern comedy in a Sussex setting, have been performed at the People's Theatre, Newcastle-on-Tyne. This partly accounts for the rather extravagant tribute Mr. Lucas pays in his preface to the Repertory Theatre movement, describing it as "the hope of the drama to-day," and his rather harsh criticism of the commercialism of London theatre managements. I am quite sure that if one of these plays were produced in the West-end, he would find this commercialism less offensive. *Death of a Ghost*, which deals incidentally with the conflict of German and Jew in Hitler's Reich, and paramountly, like the other plays, with the problems of people in love, seems to me to have the best chance of a London production.

CHRISTOPHER ST. JOHN

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The most remarkable feature of the publishing year was the prodigious number of autobiographies. No one is now too obscure, or too inexperienced to put on paper his experiences, and certainly these are more interesting usually when not disguised, as they used to be, as fiction. The autobiographies of journalists have been specially interesting. Vincent Sheean's *In Search of History* (Hamish Hamilton, 12*s*. 6*d*.) and Negley Farson's *The Way of a Transgressor* (Gollancz, 10*s*.) have had much of the success they deserve. *Fire of Life*, by H. W. Nevinson (Nisbet and Gollancz, 8*s*. 6*d*.), is a grand book; *Asylum*, by W. Seabrook (Harrap, 8*s*. 6*d*.) is a fascinating account of the author's experiences in a lunatic asylum. *Been Places and Seen Things*, by K. Mackenzie (Cape, 7*s*. 6*d*.), Stanley Casson's war-book, *Steady Drummer* (Bell, 12*s*. 6*d*.) both received high praise. Freud's *Autobiographical Study* (Hogarth Press, 6*s*.) and David Kirkwood's *My Life of Revolt* (Harrap, 10*s*. 6*d*.) were good books by the celebrated, Herbert Palmer's *The Mistletoe Child* (Dent, 10*s*. 6*d*.) and Basil Martin's *An Impossible Parson* (Allen and Unwin, 5*s*.) good autobiographies of less widely known men. *Caliban Shrieks*, by Jack Hilton (Cobden Sanderson, 6*s*.) and *An Irish Slummy in America*, by Pat O'Mara (Hopkinson, 10*s*. 6*d*.), brilliantly described proletarian life, while three books by Americans, Elizabeth Drexel Lehr's *King Lehr and the Gilded Age* (Constable, 12*s*.), Cornelius Vanderbilt's *Farewell to Fifth Avenue* (Gollancz, 10*s*. 6*d*.) and *The Memoirs of Elsie de Wolfe* (Heinemann, 10*s*. 6*d*.) threw an amusing and lurid light on the lives of the rich. T. E. Lawrence's *The Seven Pillars of Wisdom* (Cape, 30*s*.) is one of the few good books which have been best sellers. Dame Ethel Smyth's *Beecham and Pharaoh* (Chapman and Hall, 6*s*.) is excellent entertainment. The Abbé Dimnet producing a charming autobiography, *My Old World* (Cape, 7*s*. 6*d*.), and there was a new and improved translation of the *Memoirs of Renan* made by J. Lewis May (Bles, 7*s*. 6*d*.). *The Memoirs of General de Caulaincourt* (Cassell, 30*s*.) is an important new Napoleonic book, T. H. Huxley's *Diary of the Voyage*

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The biographies which received the highest praise were Evelyn Waugh's *Edmund Campion* (Longmans, 6s.), C. V. Wedgwood's *Strafford* (Cape, 15s.), Stephen Gwynn's *Oliver Goldsmith* (Butterworth, 15s.), H. N. Brailsford's *Voltaire* (Butterworth, 2s. 6d.), Eric Blom's *Mozart* (Dent, 4s. 6d.), *Warren Hastings*, by A. M. Davies (Nicholson and Watson, 25s.), Bernard Darwin's *John Gully and His Times* (Cassell, 7s. 6d.), H. du Coudray's *Metternich* (Cape, 15s.), Stephen Potter's *Coleridge and S.T.C.* (Cape, 8s. 6d.), Peter Quennell's *Byron, The Years of Fame* (Faber, 15s.), Iris Origo's *Leopardi* (Oxford, 10s. 6d.), Sir Samuel Scott's *The Exemplary Mr. Day* (Faber, 8s. 6d.), Violet Markham's *Paxton and the Bachelor Duke* (Hodder and Stoughton, 20s.), G. Mack's *Paul Cézanne* (Cape, 25s.), Anne Treneer's *Charles A. Doughty* (Cape, 10s. 6d.), Hamilton Fyfe's *Keir Hardie* (Duckworth, 2s.), J. G. Lockhart's *Viscount Halifax*, Part I (Bles, 12s. 6d.), E. L. Prestige's *Life of Charles Gore* (Heinemann, 18s.), G. K. A. Bell's *Randall Davidson* (Oxford, 36s.), Duff Cooper's *Haig*, Vol. I. (Faber, 25s.), Harold Nicolson's *Dwight Morrow* (Constable, 18s.), The Earl of Lytton's *Antony* (Peter Davies, 9s.), R. Neumann's *Zaharoff* (Allen and Unwin, 10s. 6d.), and *The Fays of the Abbey Theatre*, by W. G. Fay and Catherine Carswell (Rich and Cowan, 10s. 6d.). A collection of good studies of contemporary religious leaders was Rom Landau's *Fishers of Men* (Nicholson and Watson, 10s. 6d.).

The three volumes of H. A. L. Fisher's *History of Europe* (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 18s. each) have shown that the art as well as the science of history still flourishes. Messrs. Gollancz have published *A Modern History of Europe* (10s. 6d.) which emphasises the aspects of the past which are now most actual. L. Outhwaite wrote a good history of exploration called *Unrolling the Map* (Constable, 16s.). More detailed studies of importance were E. Mackay's *The Indus Civilisation* (Lovat Dickson, 6s.), R. H. Cunnington's *Stonehenge and Its Date* (Methuen, 5s.), the magnificent Nonesuch Press edition of *Herodotus* in a revised translation with fascinating notes by A. W. Lawrence (£6 6s.), *A History of the Anglo-Saxons*, by R. H. Hodgkin (2 vols., Oxford, 30s.), G. M. Young's little book, *Charles I and Cromwell* (Peter Davies, 7s. 6d.), W. H. Bruford's *Germany in the XVIIIth Century* (Cambridge, 15s.), *Church and State in the XVIIIth Century*, by Norman Sykes (Cambridge, 21s.), *The Floating Republic*, a thrilling and scholarly description of the mutinies at Spithead and the Nore, by G. E. Manwaring and Bonamy Dobrée (Bles, 10s. 6d.), Frank Hardie's careful study of *The Political Influence of Queen Victoria* (Oxford, 8s. 6d.), S. King-Hall's *Our Own Times* (Nicholson and Watson, 2 vols., 10s. 6d. each), *The Eve of 1914*, by Theodor Wolff (Gollancz, 21s.), W. H. Chamberlin's *History of the Russian Revolution* (Macmillan, 42s.), Hans Zwisser's highly entertaining *Rats, Lice and History* (Routledge, 10s. 6d.), and the fourth volume of *The New Survey of London Life and Labour* (King, 17s. 6d.). Sir Charles Eliot's *Japanese Buddhism* (Arnold, 42s.) and Osbert Sitwell's *Brighton* (Faber, 15s.) are two more historical works which were here recommended.

Among critical books the most important were *The Art of the Novel*, containing the prefaces written by Henry James for his collected edition (Scribner, 10s. 6d.), Desmond MacCarthy's enchantingly wise *Experience* (Putnam, 7s. 6d.), Stephen Spender's *The Destructive Element* (Cape, 7s. 6d.), W. Empson's *Some Versions of Pastoral* (Chatto and Windus, 8s. 6d.), and F. H. Bradley's *Collected Essays* (Oxford, 2 vols., 36s.). Essays and what are horribly called rambling books, were Rose Macaulay's *Personal Pleasures* (Gollancz, 7s. 6d.), Bertrand Russell's *In Praise of Idleness* (Allen and Unwin, 7s. 6d.), Walter de la Mare's *Early One Morning* (Faber, 21s.), and Somerset Maugham's *Don Fernando* (Heinemann, 8s. 6d.), *Religion in Virgil*, by Cyril Bailey (Oxford, 15s.), *What Happens in Hamlet*, by J. Dover Wilson (Cambridge, 12s. 6d.), Caroline Spurgeon's *Shakespeare's Imagery* (Cambridge, 25s.), Enid Welsford's *The Fool* (Faber, 21s.), and *The Fortunes of Montaigne*, by A. M. Boase (Methuen, 18s.) were all important and interesting. *Anglicanism*, edited by Paul Elmer Moore and F. L. Cross, was an admirable anthology of the Anglican divines (S.P.C.K., 21s.), and *The Tyranny of Greece Over Germany*, by E. M. Butler (Cambridge, 15s.) was particularly enjoyable. Lord David Cecil's *Victorian Novelists* (Constable, 10s.), W. H. Donner's three books about Beddoes, *Thomas Lovell Beddoes* (Blackwell, 18s.), *The Works of Beddoes* (Oxford, 25s.), and *The Browning Box* (Oxford, 15s.), all contain new material. D. Gascoyne's *Short History of Surrealism* (Cobden Sanderson, 7s. 6d.) was the first book on the subject in English. A. P. Herbert's *What a Word!* (Methuen, 6s.) and W. H. Horwill's *Dictionary of Modern American Usage* (Oxford, 7s. 6d.) were good books about words. H. G. Wells made a brilliant debut as a writer of film scenarios with *Things to Come* (Cresset, 3s. 6d.). The relationship between literature and politics was admirably discussed in Max Eastman's *Art and the Life of Action* (Allen and Unwin, 5s.).

Soviet Communism—A New Civilisation? by Sidney and Beatrice Webb (Longmans, 35s.) has probably been the most important political book. Walter Duranty's *I Write as I Please* (Hamish Hamilton, 10s. 6d.) and William Chamberlin's *Russia's Iron Age* (Duckworth, 15s.) are important and authoritative accounts of contemporary Russia. *A Handbook of Marxism*, edited by Emile Burns (Gollancz, 5s.), *Communism and a Changing Civilisation*, by Ralph Fox (Lane, 3s. 6d.), John Strachey's *The Nature of the Capitalist Crisis* (Gollancz, 10s. 6d.) are good Marxian books. Important also to political students were *The Simple Case for Socialism*, by G. D. H. Cole (Gollancz, 5s.), *The Principles of Economic Planning*, by the same author (Macmillan, 6s.), *The State in Theory and Practice*, by H. J. Laski (Allen and Unwin, 7s. 6d.), Hugh Dalton's *Practical Socialism for Britain* (Routledge, 5s.), and *The Next Five Years* (Macmillan, 5s.). *Inquest on Peace*, by Vigilantes (Gollancz, 3s. 6d.).

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Statement of Accounts

31st December, 1935.

	£	£
LIABILITIES.		
Current, Deposit and other Accounts, including Reserve for Income Tax and Contingencies and Balance of Profit and Loss	391,420,493	
Balances in Account with Subsidiary Banks	15,361,777	
		406,782,270
Acceptances and Endorsements, &c., for account of Customers		7,857,821
Paid-up Capital		15,858,217
Reserve Fund		10,250,000
ASSETS.		
Cash in hand, and with the Bank of England		52,045,728
Balances with other British Banks and Cheques in course of collection		13,259,189
Money at Call and Short Notice		25,604,250
Bills Discounted		60,695,872
Investments		106,127,320
Investments in Subsidiary Banks (at cost, *less* amounts written off):—		
The British Linen Bank—£1,239,744 Stock		3,719,232
Union Bank of Manchester Limited—300,000 Shares of £5 each, £2 10s. paid		750,000
Other Subsidiary Banks (including fully paid Shares and 500,000 "B" Shares of £5 each, £1 per Share paid up, in Barclays Bank (Dominion, Colonial and Overseas) and 1,000,000 Shares of £1 each, 5s. per share paid up, in Barclays Bank (France) Limited)		2,538,341
Advances to Customers and other Accounts		160,549,222
Liability of Customers for Acceptances and Endorsements, &c.		7,857,821
Bank Premises and Adjoining Properties (at cost, *less* amounts written off)		7,601,333

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Christopher Dawson's *Religion and the Modern State* (Sheed and Ward, 6s.) and *Christianity and the Social Revolution* (Gollancz, 10s. 6d.), *We Did Not Fight* (Cobden Sanderson, 7s. 6d.), a book of experiences of conscientious objectors, and R. B. Gregg's *The Power of Non-Violence* (Routledge, 10s. 6d.) all contained serious discussion of moral and political problems. *In Defence of Democracy*, by J. S. Fulton and C. R. Morris (Methuen, 5s.), *The Challenge to Democracy*, by C. Delisle Burns (Allen and Unwin, 5s.), *Quack! Quack!* by Leonard Woolf (Hogarth Press, 7s. 6d.) were books of principle, while the practice of dictatorship was illustrated in *Mussolini's Italy*, by Herman Finer (Gollancz, 18s.), *Darkness From the North*, by Odette Keun (Brinton, 2s. 6d.), and *Restless Flags*, by Lilo Linke (Constable, 7s. 6d.). On American economics there was *The Economic Consequences of the New Deal*, by B. Stolberg and W. J. Vinton and J. Dorfman's *Thorstein Veblen and His America* (Gollancz, 18s.). Particular social questions were discussed especially well in C. E. McNally's *Public Ill Health* (Gollancz, 5s.), *The Case for Sterilisation*, by L. F. Whitney (Lane, 8s. 6d.), *Divorce and Its Problems*, by E. S. P. Haynes and D. Walker-Smith (Methuen, 6s.), J. D. Unwin's *The Scandal of Imprisonment for Debt* (Simpkin Marshall, 7s. 6d.). *How Greater London is Governed*, by Herbert Morrison (Lovat Dickson, 6s.), Catherine Bauer's *Modern Housing* (Allen and Unwin, 20s.) and *The Rebuilding of Manchester*, by E. D. Simon and J. Inman (Longmans, 5s.) were the most important urban studies. C. F. Rey's *The Real Abyssinia* (Seeley Service, 10s. 6d.) and *Abyssinian Journey* by Marcel Griaule (John Mills, 8s. 6d.) were the most highly praised books on the subject, and John Beevers wrote a stimulating diagnosis of contemporary beliefs and acts in *World Without Faith* (Hamish Hamilton, 7s. 6d.).

Arthur Livingston's edition in English of Pareto's *The Mind and Society* (Cape, 4 vols., 84s.) was highly praised. Ruth Benedict's *Patterns of Culture* (Routledge, 10s. 6d.) was the most stimulating anthropological book. *Anthropology in Action*, by Gordon Brown and Bruce Hutt (Oxford, 7s. 6d.), K. Koffka's *Principles of Gestalt Psychology* (Kegan Paul, 25s.), *Everyman in Health and in Sickness*, edited by Dr. Harry Roberts (Dent 12s. 6d.), Professor Major Greenwood's *Epidemics and Crowd Diseases* (Williams and Norgate, 21s.), Gerald Heard's *Science in the Making* (Faber, 7s. 6d.), J. B. Rhine's *Extra-Sensory Perception* (Faber, 12s. 6d.), *We Europeans*, by Julian Huxley, A. C. Haddon and A. M. Carr-Saunders (Cape, 8s. 6d.), *The Restless Universe*, by Max Born (Blackie, 8s. 6d.), *More Simple Science*, by E. N. da C. Andrade and Julian Huxley (Blackwell, 6s.), *Language*, by Leonard Bloomfield (Allen and Unwin, 15s.) all received most favourable reviews. *Sailing, Seamanship and Yacht Construction*, by Uffa Fox (Davies, 35s.), is authoritative.

The most important books on the visual arts were *The Palace of Minos at Knossos*, Vol. IV, by Arthur Evans (Macmillan, 189s.), *Chinese Art*, by Leigh Ashton and B. Gray (Faber, 21s.), *Byzantine Art*, by D. Talbot Rice (Oxford, 12s. 6d.), *Carolingian Art*, by Roger Hinks (Sidgwick and Jackson, 15s.), the *Catalogue of the Drawings of Leonardo da Vinci at Windsor*, by Kenneth Clark (Cambridge, 90s.) and *The New Architecture and the Banhaus*, by Walter Gropius (Faber, 6s.). About music there was *A General History of Music*, by Charles Burney (Foulis, two vols., 31s. 6d.) and *A History of Musical Thought*, by D. N. Ferguson (Kegan Paul, 21s.), and Bernard van Dieren's *Down Among the Dead Men* (Oxford, 10s. 6d.). Komisarjevsky wrote a book on *The Theatre* (Lane, 3s. 6d.), and Low a book on caricature, *Ye Madde Designer* (Studio, 6s.). The poetry included Day Lewis's *A Time to Dance* and *Collected Poems* (Hogarth Press, 5s. and 7s. 6d.), *Vigil*, by Siegfried Sassoon (Heinemann, 4s. 6d.), *Poems*, by William Empson (Chatto and Windus, 6s.), *Poems*, by Archibald MacLeish (Boriswood, 7s. 6d.), *The Winter House*, by N. Cameron (Dent, 2s. 6d.), and *The White Blackbird*, by A. Young (Cape, 5s.). There was a prose translation of *The Odyssey*, by T. E. Shaw (Oxford, 10s. 6d.), a brilliant verse translation of the *Ars Amatoria*, by B. P. Moore (Blackie, 12s. 6d.), and translations of Rilke, *Requiem and Other Poems*, by J. B. Leishman (Hogarth Press, 7s. 6d.). W. H. Auden and John Garrett compiled a stimulating anthology called *The Poet's Tongue* (Bell, 6s.). There were some specially good children's books: *Babar's Travels*, by Jean de Brunhoff (Methuen, 6s.), *Emil and the Three Twins*, by E. Kästner (Cape, 7s. 6d.), and *Tommy Apple*, by J. Laver and Henry Rox (Cape, 5s.). *The Box of Delights*, by John Masefield (Heinemann, 7s. 6d.) was strongly recommended to readers of all ages.

Of the innumerable novels published, here are those which were most highly praised: *A House and Its Head*, by I. Compton Burnett (Heinemann, 7s. 6d.), *Mundos*, by Stella Benson (Macmillan, 7s. 6d.), *Beany-Eye*, by David Garnett (Chatto and Windus, 5s.), *Mr. Norris Changes Trains*, by Christopher Isherwood (Hogarth Press, 7s. 6d.), *Burmese Days*, by G. Orwell (Gollancz, 7s. 6d.), *Dead Centre*, by Arthur Calder Marshall (Cape, 7s. 6d.), *Victorious Troy*, by John Masefield (Heinemann, 7s. 6d.), *The House in Paris*, by Elizabeth Bowen (Gollancz, 7s. 6d.), *National Velvet*, by Enid Bagnold (Heinemann, 7s. 6d.), *The Last Puritan*, by G. Santayana (Constable, 8s. 6d.), *Clear Horizon*, by Dorothy Richardson (Dent and Cresset Press, 7s. 6d.), *Perchance to Dream*, by Mary Lutyens (Murray, 7s. 6d.), *Nothing Like Leather*, by V. S. Pritchett (Chatto and Windus, 7s. 6d.), *Blow for Balloons*, by W. J. Turner (Dent, 7s. 6d.), *Criss-Cross*, by Don Tracy (Constable, 7s. 6d.), *The Poacher*, by H. E. Bates (Cape, 7s. 6d.), *Appointment in Samarra*, by John O'Hara (Faber, 7s. 6d.), *The Root and the Flower*, by L. H. Myers (Cape, 8s. 6d.), *This Bed Thy Centre*, by Pamela Johnson (Chapman and Hall, 7s. 6d.), *Hungry Men*, by E. Anderson (Heinemann, 7s. 6d.), *No Mean City*, by A. McArthur and H. K. Long (Longmans, 7s. 6d.), *Wilderness*, by Derrick Leon (Heinemann, 7s. 6d.), *Grandsons*, by Louis Adamic (Gollancz, 7s. 6d.), *Simple Life*, by Nigel Balchin (Hamish Hamilton, 7s. 6d.), *A Shroud as Well as a Shirt*, by Shamus Frazer (Chapman and Hall, 7s. 6d.), *Wigs on the Green*, by Nancy Mitford (Thornton Butterworth, 7s. 6d.), *The Lemon Farm*, by Martin Boyd (Dent, 7s. 6d.), *The Beachcomber*, by W. McFee (Faber, 8s. 6d.), *They Shoot Horses, Don't They?* by H. McCoy (Barker, 6s.), *Cast Down the Laurel*, by Arnold Gingrich (Constable, 7s. 6d.), *The Jury*, by Gerald Bullett (Dent, 7s. 6d.), *The Wolf at the Door*, by R. Francis (Allen and Unwin, 8s. 6d.), *Surprising Results*, by Ronald Fraser (Cape, 7s. 6d.), *Follow the Furies*, by E. C. Chilton (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 7s. 6d.), *The Asiatics*, by F. Prokosch (Chatto and Windus, 8s. 6d.), and *Siesta*, by Berry Fleming (Constable, 7s. 6d.). Foreign novels translated included *The Royal Way*, by A. Malraux (Methuen, 7s. 6d.), *Darkness and Dawn*, by Alexei Tolstoi (Gollancz, 8s. 6d.), *Lament for the Death of an Upper Class*, by H. de Montherlant (John Miles, 7s. 6d.), Vol. VII of *Men of Good Will*, by Jules Romains (Lovat Dickson, 7s. 6d.), *In Sight*

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Company Meeting

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THE forty-first Ordinary General Meeting of the Shareholders was held in London on Thursday last. Mr. William Favill Tuke, Chairman, presiding, referred to the death of His late Majesty King George. The meeting stood in silence as a tribute to his memory. The Chairman then referred to the losses sustained by the deaths of Mr. Cosmo Bevan, Mr. R. H. Foà, and Sir James Hill. He opened his speech by reviewing the evidence of progress towards better conditions in 1935, quoting the declining figures of unemployment, the growth of industrial production, greater spending power, etc., continuing he said :—

Current, deposit and other accounts at December 31 last amounted to £406,782,270, being an increase of £26,688,511 over the corresponding figure for the preceding year. The average of our current and deposit accounts for 1935, as appearing in our monthly statements, was higher than in 1934 by £19,080,000.

The item Acceptances and Endorsements, etc., which, because it largely arises out of overseas trade, normally acts as a barometer in showing the position of foreign business, again reveals a slight increase.

THE CASH RATIO

On the other side of the balance sheet, cash in hand and with the Bank of England shows a rise of £5,235,774 compared with the figure for December 31, 1934, the ratio to deposits increasing from 12.31 per cent. to 12.79 per cent.

The average holding of cash (including balances with the Bank of England) of the ten London Clearing Banks during 1935, as shown in their monthly statements, recorded an increase over the preceding year of nearly £3½ million, but the ratio of this item to average deposits was reduced from 11.27 per cent. to 10.77 per cent.

The effect of the increase in the holding of cash and of the willingness of certain of the London Clearing Banks to reduce their cash ratios was to give the London Clearing Banks as a whole a cash holding in excess of the amount they regarded as being necessary, and they were thus in a position to finance the larger volume of Treasury bills offered at the weekly tenders, as well as to meet the increased demand for advances and to acquire other additional assets. When the banks as a whole increase their total assets, by making advances, purchasing bills or securities, or by any other means, the effect is to create deposits, and, unless the holding of cash be raised as a result of other transactions, the ratio of cash to deposits will be lowered. This process can only be continued until the cash ratios of the various banks are reduced to what each has decided is a minimum figure consistent with its obligations to depositors. Consequently if, as in the case of the London Clearing Banks in 1935, the average holding of cash is raised by nearly £3½ million to about £215½ million and the ratio to deposits is reduced from 11.27 per cent. to 10.77 per cent., the cash available will support an increase in deposits of approximately £120 million. This is what actually took place last year, and the resulting changes in the monthly statements of the Clearing Banks afford a practical demonstration of the fact, which I find is still misunderstood, that every increase in bank assets as a whole must involve an equivalent increase in bank deposits.

The Chairman then dealt at length with the money market, saying that the amount of Treasury bills available throughout the year had been appreciably greater, the average allotment at the weekly tenders being £37.7 million for 1935 against £34.9 million for the previous year. The average rate of discount was only 10s. 6d. per cent., against 14s. 6d. per cent. in 1934.

INVESTMENTS AND ADVANCES

In December, 1934, the aggregate investments of the ten London Clearing Banks were £594 million, exclusive of shareholdings in subsidiary companies, but in the corresponding month last year this item had increased to £605 million, our own share in the movement being £3 million.

I am glad to say that advances at £160,549,222, show an increase for the second year in succession, and that, because of the marked recovery in general conditions, their quality and velocity of turnover have also improved. I think this is true under almost every heading.

At the end of October last, which is the latest practicable date for which I can give you detailed figures, the total number of customers having advances was 200,744, of which number 196,365 were borrowing amounts not exceeding £5,000, while the average advance was £774.

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT

The net profit for the year ended December 31 last, after payment of all charges and after making provision for all bad and doubtful debts and for contingencies, amounted to the sum of £1,783,784 5s. 5d. to which has to be added the sum of £564,136 13s. 10d. brought forward from the preceding year, making a total of £2,347,920 19s. 3d. to be dealt with. The profit for the past year, therefore, shows a further moderate rise of £75,610 8s. 11d. and the directors, after appropriating £150,000 to the reduction of premises account, have decided to recommend the payment of the usual dividends at the rates of 10 per cent. per annum on the "A" shares and 14 per cent. per annum on the "B" and "C" shares, subject to Income Tax, involving a net amount of £1,614,275 10s. 2d. and leaving £583,645 9s. 1d. to be carried forward.

The maintenance of very low rates of interest for both short and long-term borrowing has been of great benefit to the Government during those years when revenue from taxation was adversely affected by the decline in trade. At the same time, it has involved considerable sacrifices on the part of holders of investments, both private individuals and public corporations. At the end of last year we were employing £86,300,000 in money at call and short notice and in bills discounted, upon a very large proportion of which we earn between ½ per cent. and 1 per cent., whereas in normal years rates have usually been from 2½ per cent. to 4 per cent. It has not proved possible to secure a proportionate reduction in the cost of the many services afforded to customers as a compensation for this loss in earning power. As I informed you last year, bankers are not in favour of an abnormally high bank rate, which, in addition to being a burden on those who rely on borrowed capital, is usually an indication of the necessity for correcting an unhealthy condition in some part of the economic structure. At the same time, the exceptionally low rates of recent years have created very difficult problems for your directors and I feel that you will agree that the results achieved during the past year are most satisfactory.

When speaking to you last year, I mentioned certain factors which suggested that the world was slowly emerging from the depression. The past twelve months have witnessed further progress, but unfortunately other developments have tended to obscure the outlook and to retard the growth of confidence justified by the increased volume of trade enjoyed over a large part of the world, and not least in this country.

Any attempt to assess the future trend of economic events must take account of the fact that, after a long period of peaceful endeavour, there is now a revival amongst many nations of that feeling of insecurity, which accentuates the tendency towards economic nationalism, and thus postpones the benefits which would result from a more liberal trade policy. The disequilibrium between the dollar and the "gold bloc" currencies, which resulted from the devaluation of the dollar, also persists, and doubts of the ability of members of the "gold bloc" to maintain existing parities have resulted in heavy shipments of gold westward across the Atlantic, thus further increasing the enormous stocks of the metal held in the United States. On the other hand, the stability of exchange quotations within the "sterling area" has been helpful in the development of international trade over a large part of the world, while the rise in the prices of primary commodities, the depreciation of the pound and the dollar, cheap money and funding schemes, have relieved the burden of debt in many countries. There is also the fact that the continued expansion in industrial activity has been partly responsible for a further reduction in the enormous stocks of raw materials which, for a long period, have overshadowed markets. In addition to these influences, the spread between the prices of primary commodities and manufactured goods has tended to narrow in many countries, thus raising the purchasing power of large sections of the world's population, while the rise in trading activity has brought to many that feeling of personal security and well-being that employment alone can give. This is, perhaps, the greatest achievement.

Unfortunately, there is still much unemployment throughout the world. In this country alone, we have over 1,800,000 people registered as unemployed, and we have to admit that, to a very considerable extent, the solution of this grievous problem is to be found in that increase in our overseas trade which the spirit of economic self-sufficiency is making so difficult. Upon a satisfactory revival in international trade depends not only the raising of our own standard of living, but also that of other countries. Amongst the factors tending to prevent a revival of world trade is the lack of confidence in the stability of the relationship between the various currencies of the world. I think most people will agree that the restoration of confidence in the stability of the exchanges is one of the major requirements of the present time, but the factors I have mentioned suggest that world conditions, political, financial and economic, are not such as to justify the hope of any early return to a stable international monetary system. Many of the difficulties involved are largely outside our control, but as a great and powerful nation offering a large market for the products of other countries, we have widespread influence and, consequently, grave responsibilities.

I do not wish to end my address on a note of pessimism. Balancing the credit and debit items in the events of the past twelve months, it would appear that real progress has been made and, if we are spared further major developments of a disturbing character abroad, or complications at home, I see no reason why the recent improvement should not be continued. The problems still to be solved call for statesmanship and leadership of a high order, but, remembering all the achievements which the modern world has to its credit, I feel justified in believing that eventually a way will be found of removing those fears which, by leading to the adoption of policies of economic self-sufficiency, retard international progress. The Report was unanimously adopted.

of the Promised Land, by G. Duhamel (Dent, 7*s.* 6*d.*), *Captain Conan*, by Roger Vercel (Constable, 7*s.* 6*d.*), and *Memoirs of a Cheat*, by Sacha Guitry (Gollancz, 6*s.*). There were a number of remarkably good short stories, notably: *What the Sweet Hell*, by Peter Chamberlain (Chatto and Windus, 7*s.* 6*d.*), *The Harsh Voice*, by Rebecca West (Cape, 7*s.* 6*d.*), *The Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze*, by W. Saroyan (Faber, 7*s.* 6*d.*), *The Room Opposite*, by F. M. Mayor (Longmans, 7*s.* 6*d.*), *Cut and Come Again*, by H. E. Bates (Cape, 7*s.* 6*d.*), *Morning Pageant*, by L. A. Pavey (Grayson, 7*s.* 6*d.*), John Pudney's *And Lastly the Fireworks* (Boriswood, 7*s.* 6*d.*), *While Rome Burns*, by A. Woolcott (Barker, 8*s.* 6*d.*), *The Ten Million*, by Mark Hellinger (Lane, 8*s.* 6*d.*), and, in translation, *Grammar of Love*, by Ivan Bunin (Hogarth Press, 7*s.* 6*d.*), and *Selected Short Stories of Hjalmar Söderberg* (Allen and Unwin, 7*s.* 6*d.*). The best detective stories seem almost all to have been by old hands: *Three Act Tragedy* and *Death in the Clouds*, by Agatha Christie (Collins, 7*s.* 6*d.* each), *The Spanish Cape Mystery*, by Ellery Queen (Gollancz, 7*s.* 6*d.*), *The Garden Murder Case*, by S. S. Van Dine (Cassell, 7*s.* 6*d.*), *Scandal at School*, by G. D. H. and M. Cole (Collins, 7*s.* 6*d.*), *The Case of the Howling Dog*, by Erle Stanley Gardner (Cassell, 7*s.* 6*d.*), *Crime at Guildford*, by Freeman Wills Crofts (Collins, 7*s.* 6*d.*), *In Whose Dim Shadow*, by J. J. Connington (Hodder and Stoughton, 7*s.* 6*d.*), *Death in the Stocks*, by Georgette Heyer (Longmans, 7*s.* 6*d.*), and *The House on the Roof*, by Mignon Eberhart (Collins, 7*s.* 6*d.*).

This list contains about one hundred and seventy titles: it suggests that last year's harvest of books was in quality as well as quantity highly respectable.

SHORTER NOTICES

A Dictionary of Wine. By ANDRÉ SIMON. *Cassell.* 15*s.*

How often does one not see a good bottle of burgundy put to stand in front of the fire to stew, how often does not the wine waiter ask: "Shall I take the chill off it, Sir?" Burgundy should be drunk cool and all red wine is better cold than hurriedly warmed. If M. Simon can drive that one point in his introduction into the heads of his readers he will have done them—and their friends—a real service. His dictionary is an excellent book of reference. It is surprising to find how many different vineyards go by the same, or nearly the same, names. Thus there are two Lafites besides the great Lafite-Rothschild, two Laffites, two Laffittes and no less than five different Lafittes. M. Simon is rather unjust to Edenkoben, which produces palatinate wines of really outstanding merit. He does not mention a pleasant wine called Camp Romain. More surprising still is the omission of *resinato*. The Greek practice of putting resin in wine is so ancient and so strange that it deserves discussion.

The Triple Crown: An Account of the Papal Conclaves from the Fifteenth Century to the Present Day. By VALERIE PIRIE. *Sidgwick and Jackson.* 18*s.*

This book is really a descriptive catalogue of the Popes of the last four centuries. It is written with grace and humour, but is rather scrappy in its total impression. Mrs. Pirie passes from Pope to Pope without any attempt to explain the significance of the change in type between the Popes of the Renaissance, of the post-Reformation epoch, and of the eighteenth century. She provides, however, all the material necessary for anyone who wishes to draw his own conclusions. Of the Renaissance Popes the best one can say is that they patronised great artists, were kind to their children, and that their savagery was on the whole a by-product of their greed and lust. The characteristic counter-Reformation hope was Pius V, a man of diabolical cruelty, who used to send idiots to the rack because of the unorthodoxy which his agents detected in their drivellings. As the religious atmosphere of Europe became less tropical the Popes became more human, and in the eighteenth century, especially, there were Popes not unworthy to be mentioned for moral and intellectual qualities with, say, Mr. Baldwin. Altogether a very interesting book, which may be recommended to those who think the present age any worse than any other.

The Roman Invasions: A Saga of the Caledonian Race. By LAURENCE O. PITBLADO. *Allen and Unwin.* 10*s.*

The debunking of the grandeur that was Rome has waited over long, and if only for the spirit with which he attacks it Mr. Pitblado would deserve the thanks of those who have never been deceived by the bunk. His theme is "the Britain into which Caesar adventured," and his attack on the orthodox historians of Roman Britain is geographical. As his inquiry proceeds he points out again and again how mistaken the historians have been owing to their assumption that the coastline of to-day was the coastline of Roman Britain. In this respect much of his argument is cogent and worthy of consideration, though in his zeal for the unconquerableness of the Caledonian and other dubious predilections he is apt to ignore or attempt to explain away such accepted events as the invasion of Western Caledonia by the Scots from Ireland, or such a known fact as the discovery in "the raised beaches" of human remains and artefacts which are those of a pre-Celtic people. However, if few students of early and pre-history will follow him all the way, most of us will agree that the Roman inroads into Caledonia proper have been grossly exaggerated. As a study in historical geography the book has values which more than compensate for its bias.

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GRAMOPHONE NOTES

THE Decca company have ushered in the new year with an event of great importance—a full recording of William Walton's *Symphony in B flat minor*, a work the originality and magnitude of which thoroughly justifies so expensive a venture. The services of the original performers of the work—the London Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Sir Hamilton Harty—have been engaged, and the result is remarkably satisfactory (Decca, X108–113). It should be said at once that this music is very unlike most strictly symphonic music; it is eminently dramatic, and Sibelius, whose musical phraseology it to some extent employs, would probably call it a tone-poem. The four movements are like nothing so much as preludes to the several acts of an opera, the libretto of which might well be by Thomas Lovell Beddoes and the production by that amazing painter, Fuseli. Terror, pugnacity and poignant sadness are the emotions chiefly displayed; but terror predominates—so much so that many who heard the first performance complained of the frightening effect of so sustained a mood of conflict. It is true that there is no suspicion of tenderness from the first note to the last, and that the atmosphere is pitched in the highest rhetorical key, from the leading theme of the first movement to the astonishing coda which precedes the conclusion of the work. But though the sheer volume of sound may distress some people, there is no denying the extraordinary beauty and power of the work, as well as the very real variety which underlies the uniform surface. It may safely be said to be the most important English symphony since Elgar's second. The recording leaves something to be desired, chiefly in that the fortissimi are deprived of the shattering power which makes them so tremendous in a concert-hall; so that the spiteful scherzo and the sternly tragic adagio, which do not contain such terrific climaxes, come out best in recording. The orchestration is often of that very

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complex kind which sounds confused on the gramophone (e.g., the bridge passage of the first movement). But on the whole these records deserve nothing but praise and impose themselves upon everybody who is genuinely interested in music.

From a recording point of view, the record of the month is Debussy's *Ibéria Suite*, played by the Orchestre du Conservatoire under Piero Coppola (H.M.V. DB4974–6). This is one of the few indubitable masterpieces of modern music, and the recording is superb. It is to be hoped that we may soon be given the other two members of these *Images—Rondes de Printemps* and *Gigues*, neither of which has ever been recorded. The second of these is a most lovely and mysterious piece—a kind of London nocturne, in which the theme of " Pop Goes the Weasel " undergoes the most fascinating metamorphoses. Another welcome set is Schnabel's performance, with Adrian Boult and the London Philharmonic Orchestra, of Brahms' *Second Piano Concerto in B flat* (H.M.V. DB2696–2701). The soloist delivers his part in the grand, massive style suitable to the music, which is Brahms at his very best ; but the detail is less lovingly accurate, and the scherzo less subtly phrased, than in Arthur Rubinstein's rendering, recorded some years ago. But the basaltic first movement gains, and the romantic slow movement loses nothing of its appeal, under Schnabel's hands. These records remind me that a re-recording of the *Third Symphony* is overdue. I cannot feel much enthusiasm for Schönberg's *Verklärte Nacht*, played by the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra under Eugene Ormandy (H.M.V. DB2439–42.) Like Beethoven's *Grosse Fuge*, this work is pleasanter to listen to in this form (string orchestra) than when played by the ensemble of solo instruments for which it was originally written ; but the music is of a disagreeably emotional, teutonic kind—horribly stuffy—but with patches of a rather sinister beauty. Wagner's *Siegfried Idyll*, on the other hand, is always welcome, for it is indispensable to any library of records. This performance, by Bruno Walter and the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra (H.M.V. DB2634–5), is excellent, but there is a disagreeable effect of echo, especially on the second side, no doubt due to the hall in which it was recorded.

One does not soon tire of Haydn, especially of the *Emperor Quartet in C*, one of his most justly famous works, in which all the movements are worthy of each other. This performance, by the Lener Quartet (Col. LX451–4), reaches a high standard, though it is not the equal of the Pro Arte Quartet performance, recorded for the Haydn Quartet Society. Lener himself is sometimes unpleasantly shrill. But the set is well worth acquiring, on general grounds. The rendering of Schubert's *La Jeune Religieuse* and *Marguerite au Rouet*, by Germaine Martinelli, with orchestra (!), may be recommended as a curiosity (Col. LX450). The singing is good ; but the combination of the French language, a very French voice, and an orchestral accompaniment, is almost comically un-Schubertian. The Nun comes best out of the mauling, because her music, with its dramatic tremolos, is more suited to orchestral treatment. But the effect on the whole is preposterously inflated.

Dance Music. The Boston Orchestra gives what is evidently intended to be a very grand performance of Gershwin's *Rhapsody in Blue* (H.M.V. C2806–7). The result is merely gaudy. It is time this pretentious work was given a long rest. Vastly preferable, from every point of view, is *With the " Duke,"* a potpourri of Duke Ellington tunes very brilliantly played as a piano duet by Reginald Forsythe and Arthur Young (Decca K779) ; also *Broadcast Favourites*, another potpourri, only less good than the last, by Lew Stone and his band (Decca K808). Perhaps best of all is the recording of *You Are My Lucky Star*, by Eleanor Powell, with Tommy Dorsey and band (H.M.V. B8396). Miss Powell's incredible tap-dancing is admirably rendered. Paul Whiteman gives *Thanks a Million* (H.M.V. BD5001), an utterly undistinguished tune ; but *Sugar Plum*, on the obverse, is much better, recalling " Go Home and Tell Your Mother " of pre-slump days. *I Found a Dream*, played by Enric Madriguera and band (H.M.V. BD5000), has S.A. ; and that charming old tune, *Star Dust*, is given a new lease of life by Bing Crosby (Br. 02101). *Reminiscing in Tempo*, played by Duke Ellington (Br. 02103–4) is in a class apart—not for tunes, which are practically non-existent—but for technique and harmonic subtlety. This band certainly has a real originality, which has become more apparent with the years. Lastly, I would mention *Melodies of the Month No.* 10, played by Len Green, with drums (Decca F5799)—a good piano record which should make an excellent background for conversation.

It may be worth while to point out to readers of this column the yearly publication, by the E.M.G. Gramophone Co., of *The Art of Record Buying*. This is a comprehensive list of all the best recordings, both English and foreign, of " connoisseur " works. It is a most useful book of reference and is completely reliable.

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

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▼

Week-end Competitions

No. 306

Set by Raymond Mortimer

In view of the frequent complaints against the obscurity of modern verse, we offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for an obscure passage of between six and twelve lines from any great English poet of the past. The obscurity must not be due to a corrupt text.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, January 31st.
2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.
3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.
4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 304

Set by T. W. Earp

We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for three blurbs of not more than 100 words each (the briefer the better) which an enterprising publisher might use to push the sale of :

(1) *The Canterbury Tales.*
(2) *The Anatomy of Melancholy.*
(3) *Wuthering Heights.*

London Amusements

MATINEES

All at 2.30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.

ALDWYCH. The Dominant Sex. Wed., Sat.

ALHAMBRA. Tulip Time. Wed. & Sat.

APOLLO. Espionage. Wed. & Sat.

COLISEUM. "Twenty to One." Wed. & Sat.

COMEDY. Someone at the Door. Tu. & Fri.

DALY'S. "Tread Softly." Wed. & Sat.

DUCHESS. Night Must Fall. Wed. & Sat.

DRURY LANE. 2.0
Jack and the Beanstalk.

GLOBE. "Call It a Day." Wed., Th. & Sat.

HIPPODROME. Please Teacher ! Th., Sat.

LYRIC. Tovarich. Wed. & Th.

MERCURY. Murder in the Cathedral. F., S.

PHEONIX. "To-night at 8.30." Tues. & Sat.

PLAYHOUSE. "Mary Tudor." Th. & Sat.

ST. JAMES'S. Two Mrs. Carrolls. Wed. & Sat.

SAVOY. The Wind and the Rain. Mon., Sat.

SHAFTESBURY. "Fritzi." Wed. & Sat.

STRAND. 1066 and All That. Feb. 1, Tu., Sat.

VICTORIA PALACE. Vintage Wine. W. & S.

WHITEHALL. Anthony & Anna. W. & S.

WYNDHAM'S. Sweet Aloes. Wed. & Sat.

THEATRES

ALDWYCH. 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30. Tem. 6404.
THE DOMINANT SEX.
THE TALK OF LONDON. (SECOND YEAR.)

ALHAMBRA, EVGS., 6.15 & 9. Weds. & Sats. 2.30
TULIP TIME. A Comedy with Music.
THE FUNNIEST PLAY SEEN FOR YEARS.
Prices (including tax) 10/6 to 1/3 Whitehall 2525.

APOLLO. Gerrard 2663. (Smoking).
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
MARION LORNE & Walter Hackett's Production.
ESPIONAGE.

COLISEUM. Tem. Bar 3161. EVGS., 6.15 & 9.
Mats., Weds. & Sats. at 2.30.
"TWENTY TO ONE."
THE FUNNIEST MUSICAL SPORTING FARCE EVER STAGED.
10s. 6d., 8s. 9d., 6s., 4s., 3s. 6d., 3s., 1s. 6d., incl. Tax.

COMEDY. 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30. Whi. 2578.
HENRY KENDALL & NANCY O'NEIL in
SOMEONE AT THE DOOR.
OVER 260 PERFORMANCES.

DALY'S. Ger. 2157. Evgs., 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.
A New Comedy by PETER TRAILL.
"TREAD SOFTLY."
YVONNE ARNAUD. RONALD SQUIRE.

DRURY LANE. Temple Bar 7171.
JACK AND THE BEANSTALK.
TWICE DAILY at 2 o'clock & 7.45.

DUCHESS. (Tem. 8243.) 8.30, Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
EMLYN WILLIAMS in his own Play
NIGHT MUST FALL.
ANGELA BADDELEY MAY WHITTY

GLOBE. Ger. 1592. Evgs., 8.15 Sharp.
Mats., Weds., Thurs., Sats., 2.30.
FAY COMPTON & OWEN NARES in
"CALL IT A DAY."
By Dodie Smith.

HIPPODROME. Ger. 3272.
Evgs. at 8.15. Mats., Thur. and Sats., 2.30.
BOBBY HOWES in
"PLEASE TEACHER !"
VERA PEARCE. WYLIE WATSON. BERTHA BELMORE.

LYRIC. (Ger. 3686.) 8.30. Mats., Wed., Th., 2.30.
GILBERT MILLER presents
TOVARICH.
CEDRIC HARDWICKE, EUGENIE LEONTOVICH.

MERCURY. Nottg. Hill Gate. 2s. 6d. to 6s. Park 1000.
Every Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., 8.30. Fri., Sat., 2.30.
MURDER IN THE CATHEDRAL.
By T. S. Eliot. Robert Speaight as Becket.
"The one great play by a contemporary dramatist now to be seen in England."—*Times.*
Every Thurs. at 9, BALLET. (Sunday for Ballet Club.)

PHOENIX. Tem. 8611. 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.
GERTRUDE LAWRENCE. NOEL COWARD.
"TO-NIGHT AT 8.30."
Three Plays by Noel Coward.

PLAYHOUSE. 8.30. Th., Sat., 2.30. Whi. 7774.
FLORA ROBSON in
"MARY TUDOR"
JOYCE BLAND. LAWRENCE ANDERSON.

QUEEN'S, Shaftesbury Av. Ger. 4517-8.
RUN SUSPENDED.
MARIE TEMPEST, Reopening in
"SHORT STORY."
WED., FEB. 5th. Box Office Open.

ST. JAMES'S. (Whi. 3903.) LAST 2 WEEKS.
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
THE TWO MRS. CARROLLS.
Leslie Banks, Elena Miramova, Louise Hampton.

SAVOY. Evgs., 8.30. M., S., 2.30. (Last weeks).
THE WIND AND THE RAIN.
LONDON'S LONGEST RUN. Now in its 3rd Year.
ROBERT HARRIS. ANTOINETTE CELLIER.

SHAFTESBURY. Evgs., 8.30. W. & S., 2.30.
"FRITZI."
The New Musical Comedy Success. (Ger. 6666).
ROSALINDE FULLER. LESLIE FRENCH.

STRAND. Tem. Bar 2660.
Run Resumed Wed., Jan. 29.
Evgs., at 8.30. Mats., Tues. & Sat., 2.30.
1066 AND ALL THAT.

VICTORIA PALACE. 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.
Last week of SEYMOUR HICKS in
VINTAGE WINE,
with JULIA NEILSON. Over 500 performances.

WHITEHALL. Smoking. (Whitehall 6692.)
EVGS., 8.30. Mats., WED. & SAT., 2.30.
ANTHONY AND ANNA.
A Comedy by ST. JOHN ERVINE.

WYNDHAM'S. LAST 3 WEEKS.
DIANA WYNYARD in
SWEET ALOES, by Jay Mallory.
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30. Tem. 3028.

PICTURE THEATRES

ACADEMY CINEMA, Oxford St. Ger. 2981.
ROBERT LYNEN in
A Story of Adventure,
"SANS FAMILLE" (U).
SEASONABLE ENTERTAINMENT FOR ALL !

CAMBRIDGE, Near Shaftesbury Ave., W.C.2.
SAT., JAN. 25th, ONLY, at 5.45 & 8.45 p.m.,
LENIN MEMORIAL MEETINGS, with
DZIGA VERTOV'S famous documentary film
"THREE SONGS OF LENIN" (U), etc.
Tickets: 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s. from Theatre, or KINO FILMS, 84 Gray's Inn Road, W.C.1.

EVERYMAN (Opposite Hampstead Tube Station).
MARX BROTHERS season
Monday next, January 27, for 3 days,
ANIMAL CRACKERS (U).
Thursday for 4 days, COCONUTS (U).

North London Film Society. SUN., FEB. 2nd.
at **Monseigneur Cinema,** Piccadilly, W.
DESERTER.
PUDOVKIN'S EPIC SOUND FILM.
For membership apply Sec., 6 Carysfort Rd., N.16.

RESTAURANTS

AH well, if you've not been to RULES you have missed a lot in life. . . . Maiden Lane (Covent Garden). Lunch, Dinner or late Supper (licensed till midnight). Est. 1780.

THIS paper may be read in "The Book" RESTAURANT and WINE DIVE facing the British Museum, also subscriptions received.

ROBERT & JOHN RESTAURANT, 10 Adam St., Adelphi (at side of Tivoli Picture Theatre), Lunch 1s. 6d., Teas. Dinner 2s. & 2s. 6d. Intimate Restaurant in old Adam House with Dickensian Associations.

REPERTORY THEATRES

CROYDON Repertory.
Nightly at 8. Sat., 5 & 8.15.
Catiline. By Henrik Ibsen.

LIVERPOOL Playhouse.
Evenings 7.45. Saturday 2.30.
The Wind and the Rain.
By Merton Hodge.

MANCHESTER Repertory.
Evenings, 7.30.
St. Joan. By Bernard Shaw.

NORTHAMPTON Repertory.
Evenings 6.30 & 8.50. Monday at 8
Turkey Time. By Ben Travers.

The Repertory Theatres whose announcements appear above are members of The Association of Repertory Theatres. *For information concerning Theatres belonging to this Association, or qualified to belong to it, apply to the Honorary Secretary, Bache Matthews, 44 Archway Road, London, N.19. ARC 3845.*

DANCES

THE F.P.S.I. Dance for January 24th has been postponed until January 31st.

ASSOCIATION of Women Clerks and Secretaries (Sports Club). First Annual Dance. Transport Hall, Smith Square, S.W., postponed until February 22nd, 1936.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT & WANTED

THE University of Manchester.

Appointment of Warden of Ashburne Hall.

Applications are invited from graduates for the post of Warden of Ashburne Hall of Residence which accommodates about 150 Women students.

Duties to commence on September 29th, 1936.

Applications must be sent not later than February 28th, 1936, to the REGISTRAR of the University from whom particulars may be obtained.

THE University of Manchester.

Appointment of Warden of the Ellis Llwyd Jones Hall.

Applications are invited for the post of Warden of the Ellis Llwyd Jones Hall of Residence which accommodates about 35 Women students.

Duties to commence September 29th, 1936.

Last date for application February 14th, 1936. Further particulars may be obtained from the REGISTRAR.

SOCIALIST writer and worker seeks woman or man with good capacities (able to keep self) to help in work (and/or house). Interesting work. Write, stating qualifications, to Box 30, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

ARTIST-CRAFTSMAN (33) seeks post as woodwork (and art) instructor at modern school. Public School, Sandhurst (non-military outlook). Trained cabinet-making, woodcarving, art, C. & G. Woodwork qualifications. Teaching experience. Box 27, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1

WOMAN Graduate. Economics, etc. Age 25. Considerable experience in Unemployment and Charity Organisation work, desires social or political employment. Any locality. Will travel. Box 28, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

C. OF E. VICAR, resigned living for private reasons, requires job of any sort. Some literary ability. Age 43. Reply PSYCHOLOGIST, 54 Newhall Street, Birmingham.

YOUNG lady, Univ. Grad., special training in modern psychological theory for pre-school years, would supervise single child or group in nursery years (1–6). Part or full day. London. Box 31, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

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REPORTING, SHORTHAND, DUPLICATING. Technical MSS and Plays a Speciality. Verbatim or condensed reporting. Temporary Shorthand-Typists provided.—METROPOLITAN TYPING AND REPORTING OFFICE, 75 Chancery Lane, W.C.2.
Tel.: Holborn 6182.

AUTHORS' MSS, PLAYS, Etc., accurately and promptly typed by experienced typist.—MRS. BROOKER, 55 Elton Road, Bishopston, Bristol, 7.

DUPLICATING AND TYPEWRITING, Etc.
Authors' MSS and Plays promptly executed.
ALL work guaranteed proof-read and checked.
Secretaries and all Office Staff, Temporary or Permanent.
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6 Conduit Street, W.1. (Mayfair 3163–4)

EXPERT typing at low charges. Intelligent and accurate work. MSS. a speciality. MISS PICTON-WARLOW, 33 St. James's Street, S.W.1. Whi. 7622.

TYPEWRITING—MSS. etc., accurately and promptly typewritten. Competent shorthand writer. Sub-editing if desired. MISS EEDE, 20 St. Stephen's Square, Bayswater.

Report by T. W. Earp

An interesting feature of this competition was the extreme rarity of answers from London and the large number coming from remoter parts of the country. Perhaps this was because the life of cities is not favourable to the reading of our longer classics and THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION readers were too scrupulous to provide blurbs for works they had not read. But this is to be regretted, for nearly all the answers showed close acquaintance with the three books, and suffered therefrom. Instead of skits on advertising, they became cameo essays and reviews. Can this indicate that to blurb really well the book should not be read beforehand? In support of this theory, the two best flashes of the competition were inspired by the "Anatomy," with which a thorough intimacy is less probable than in the case of the others; these were: "'A large Burton, please!'—Mr. A. P. Sherbert, M.P." (R. D. Cribb), and "Don's Dope for Doldrums" (Mrs. Sparwight). Less terse, but catching the right clarion-call note, was "Audrey's" treatment of *Wuthering Heights*—"What is the meaning of 'To wuther'? To wuther is to stand alone on the heights in the teeth of a moorland gale, to hear the awful whisper of ghosts in the hissing rain, to know the souls of the damned are wailing down the wind for you, and to laugh—Laugh like Emily!—Laugh like Heathcliffe!—Laugh like Lucifer!—'To wuther' is the soul's greatest experience—Wuther *Now!*" And Miss Lavie's answers, while not original enough in themselves for the prize, are sufficiently interesting to print.

THE CANTERBURY TALES

(*a*) Geoffrey Chaucer, ex-soldier, ex-diplomat, civil servant and poet, presents in these tales, simple and varied as life itself, "a genuine Hogarthian picture."

(*b*) "He, of English making, was the best."—LYDGATE.

(*c*) "Through all the works of Chaucer there reigns a cheerfulness, a manly hilarity."—COLERIDGE.

ANATOMY OF MELANCHOLY

Dr. Robert Burton, in this work—a best seller—has harnessed Pegasus to a load of literary information.

(*d*) "A valuable work."—DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

(*e*) "The only book that ever took him (Johnson) out of bed two hours sooner than he wished to rise."—THE REV. DR. MAXWELL.

WUTHERING HEIGHTS

(*f*) Mr. Ellis Bell has a "strong original mind full of strange though sombre power." He, here, displays problems which "shock" even while they "attract."

(*g*) "This book with all its morbid force and fire will remain for all time a monument of the most striking genius."—CLEMENT SHORTER.

(*a*) Chambers's *Cyclopaedia of English Lit.* (*b*) Introduction by Arthur Symons to *Biographia Literaria* (Everyman). (*c*) *Biographia Literaria*, Chap. 2. (*d*) Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, p. 337, Globe ed. (*e*) Do., p. 215. (*f*) Letter from C. Bell to W. S. Williams, Dec. 21st, 1847. (*g*) *Brontës and Their Circle*, Clement Shorter (Emily Jane Brontë).

The first prize goes to Miss M. Chisholm, for a happy combination of blatancy and banality, and the second to Mr. A. R. Thomas for his rumbustious exercise in exhortation.

FIRST PRIZE

THREE BLURBS

(1) THE CANTERBURY TALES

Amusing and wittily written tales of Romance and Intrigue. . . . travel? . . . realism your line of country? . . . superstitious? In fact, for the perfect host to leave about at the perfect week-end.

"I read this."—CHESTERTON.

"Diverting."—RALPH STRAUSS, *Sunday Times*.

"I think the continuity is very well maintained while the interest is essentially varied."—HAROLD NICOLSON, *Daily Telegraph*.

"I did not go to bed again."—COMPTON MACKENZIE, *Daily Mail*.

". . . a sparkling series . . ."—*Evening News*.

(2) THE ANATOMY OF MELANCHOLY

The deliberate philosophy of the sixteenth century on what our century terms *the blues!* A book no physician or humanist should lack, nevertheless, not an abstruse technical volume but one of universal interest. Further, unless he has read and re-read let no young man consider himself likely to gain promotion in the Bank of England.

"The real thing."—*Scotsman*.

"Deals most competently with the subject."—*Times Literary Supplement*.

"Will appeal to a wide number of thinking people."—*Listener*.

(3) WUTHERING HEIGHTS

A dramatic *opera* in words culminating with almost too cruel articulation in a shattered crescendo. Volcanic duress rumbles in the underworld of woman's psychology. Condensed gloom, emotional stress conveyed by a master-artist—a woman!

"The method adopted is as weird as a bat's wing and the inescapable feeling of horror owes much to the torture of experience from which it springs, of which indeed it becomes the focus."—GERALD GOULD, *Sunday Observer*.

"As I read the lines ran in the background of my sub-consciousness; 'The worst is not so long as we can say this is the worst.'"—FRANCIS ILES, *Daily Telegraph*.

M. CHISHOLM

SECOND PRIZE

(1) THE CANTERBURY TALES

In olden days Chaucer travelled the road to adventure. His *Canterbury Tales*—almost an omnibus and great value for money—gives endless thrills and comedy, tears and laughter, to a wondering world. He hands you a host of characters you'll love and loathe. Half "Good Companions" of Merrie England—half rip-roaring saga of the red-blooded Middle Ages. A best-seller through the centuries.

"HIT THE CANTERBURY TRAIL WITH CHAUCER!"

(2) THE ANATOMY OF MELANCHOLY

Know yourself! Do you feel morbid in the morning? Does your breakfast kipper dismay you? If so you suffer from A.M. (Acute Melancholy). An amazing medical discovery will cure you. Read and inwardly digest Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy* and you'll find that cheery smile again. A complete treatise on the million causes of melancholy with copious quotations in support. Buy it now!

"BURTON FOR THE BLUES!"

(3) WUTHERING HEIGHTS

Emily, burning firebrand of the Battling Brontës, tears aside the veil of Yorkshire in this smashing epic. From the dizzy heights of genius her withering gaze shrivels the puny souls of a group of pigmy beings. They twist and turn, writhing in the crushing grip of Relentless Fate. A mighty masterpiece of passionate love, blinding hate, and terrible revenge set against a dark background of evil moors.

"YOU CAN'T BEAT A BRONTË!"

ALAN R. THOMAS

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 161.—DR. LIMEJUICE

A statue of Dr. Limejuice, the temperance reformer, stands in Drinkwell Market Place. The other night two boys of Drinkwell School painted the Doctor's nose red. One of them held a lantern, while the other did the actual painting.

The Headmaster, having received a report from the Head Prefect, sent for the three boys, Sniggersby, Tittering and Wallop. He proceeded to ask each of them three questions, putting the questions to the boys in rotation. The questions, and the answers received, were as follows, but the order in which the boys were questioned is not necessarily that given above:

The Head: You are one of the two culprits?
First Boy: No, Sir.
The Head: You are, then?
Second Boy: Yes, Sir.
The Head: And you are?
Third Boy: No, Sir.
The Head: Of those three statements, two at least are untrue?
First Boy: No, Sir.
The Head (reading): "Sniggersby was holding the lantern." Is that true?
Second Boy: No, Sir.
The Head (reading): "Tittering painted the statue." Is that true?
Third Boy: No, Sir.
The Head (reading): "Wallop is not implicated." Is that true?
First Boy: No, Sir.
The Head (reading): "You can rely on Sniggersby not to tell you a lie." Is that true?
Second Boy: Yes, Sir.
The Head (reading): "And you can similarly rely on Wallop." Is that true?
Third Boy: Yes, Sir.

Each of the suspects has now answered three questions, Wallop has lied twice, and the other two boys have each lied once.

Who held the lantern, and who painted the Doctor's nose?

PROBLEM 159.—MR. TRIMMER

The scheme by which each party draws cards gives the National Solecists a one-sixth chance of a majority in the Cabinet. It follows that one card bears the number 16 or over, and since all cards bear different numbers these can only be 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 16.

The rest is easy. If Mr. Trimmer joins the National Preservatives, 11 draws out of 20 will give him a place in the Cabinet. If he joins the National Solecists only 3 draws out of 6. If he joins the National Leadables he has equal chances of being successful in 7 draws out of 15, and 9 draws out of 15. Hence his *comparative* chances are:

N.P.	..	33
N.L.	..	32
N.S.	..	30

and he should join the National Preservatives.

PROBLEM 158.—THIRD FORM ARITHMETIC

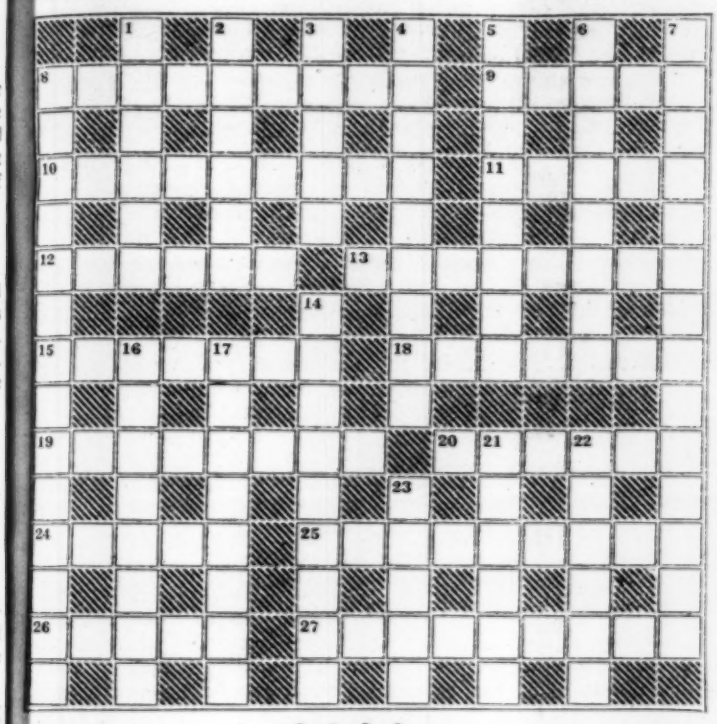
A set of Low's cartoons goes to Miss A. M. Perry, 79, South End Road, N.W.3.

Three points are awarded.

CALIBAN

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 307

The sender of the first correct solution to be opened may choose as prize a copy of either *This England* or *The Playtime Omnibus*. Envelopes should be addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1, and must arrive not later than first post next Wednesday. Prize-winners should address their claims to the Editor.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
Miss M. M. Hill, Greenways, Moffats Lane, Brookmans Park, Herts.

ACROSS

8. A little bit off the top?
9. One ounce in the sea breeze.
10. Ecclesiastical floral wear for 8 across.
11. His verse isn't blank.
12. One way to obtain a uniform result.
13. This plant knew the tune.
15. See 4.
18. The O.C. Engineers no doubt.
19. It's a bad little bird when its head gets turned.
20. A guest of course.
24. You might cop it for this.
25. Pacific iris.
26. Their owners often consider them Royal birds.
27. It paddled in its early days.

DOWN

1. Festal occasion about 4.
2. A manuscript on health resorts.
3. A broken elbow.
4. Usual precipitate method of 15 on one's birthday.
5. It limits the opening.
6. Goodly transactions.
7. Condition of those who shine after dining well?
8. Scrap irons.
14. No doubt the mouse was after he had run down.
16. Attacked again by the goat.
17. They are not legal conveyances.
21. Heat required for the Royal Mail steamer.
22. This race used to be considered perilous.
23. Miserable start.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

G	O	B	L	I	N	S	■	R	E	B	U	F	F	S
O	■	A	■	N	■	T	■	E	■	U	■	O	■	O
C	H	R	I	S	T	O	P	H	E	R	W	R	E	N
A	■	O	■	U	■	O	■	E	■	L	■	E	■	A
R	I	N	G	■	A	P	P	A	R	I	T	I	O	N
T	■	M	■	C	■	S	■	T	■	N	■	G	■	T
S	T	U	P	O	R	■	L	E	G	G	I	N	G	S
■	■	N	■	U	■	S	■	D	■	T	■	E	■	■
D	E	C	O	R	A	T	E	■	H	O	A	X	E	D
I	■	H	■	T	■	R	■	B	■	N	■	C	■	E
G	R	A	N	D	S	I	R	E	S	■	C	H	E	S
R	■	U	■	R	■	G	■	L	■	B	■	A	■	I
E	A	S	T	E	R	O	F	F	E	R	I	N	G	S
S	■	E	■	S	■	U	■	R	■	A	■	G	■	T
S	I	N	U	S	E	S	■	Y	A	N	K	E	E	S

FAMOUS FIGURES

Jean Nicot, French Ambassador to Portugal, is traditionally associated with the introduction of Tobacco into France. He sent Tobacco to the French Court in 1560. "Nicotiana," the botanical name of Tobacco, commemorates Nicot.

Player's No. 3 is another figure easily remembered because of its merits, representing, as it does, a Cigarette of delightful mellowness and flavour, giving always that little extra quality so necessary for complete enjoyment by the critical smoker.

You can be sure Player's No. 3 are always Fresh. All packings are now supplied with protective wrapping.

PLAYER'S NUMBER 3
PLAIN OR CORK-TIPPED

20 FOR 1'4 50 FOR 3'3 100 FOR 6'4 50 TINS PLAIN ONLY 3'4

3-P.30A

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By TOREADOR

FRANC CRISIS—CANADIAN CREDIT—MR. DUNNING AND THE PROVINCES—WESTINGHOUSE AND CONSOLIDATED SIGNAL

THE new reign opens with a serious crisis on the Exchange markets, requiring delicate handling by the British Treasury, but it is not likely to receive front-page attention at the moment in the British press. The franc is *in extremis*, and it is doubtful whether M. Laval can keep it on gold, as he had hoped, until after the Elections. Various schemes of devaluation are being considered by the French Treasury and the Bank of France, but it is obvious that no final decision can be taken until the views of the British Treasury have been clearly expressed. The practical point at issue is whether the British Equalisation Fund will support the franc after devaluation and at what level. For example, do we consider a 25 per cent. devaluation too high? This would require 33⅓ per cent. more francs to buy an ounce of gold (701.6 francs instead of 526.2 francs) and, on the basis of the present sterling price of gold of 140*s*. 10*d*. per ounce, would change the franc exchange rate from to-day's 75 to approximately 100 francs to the £. No doubt we would prefer a 20 per cent. devaluation—equivalent to an exchange rate of 93.4 francs to the £, but the French will argue that the possibility of a further dollar devaluation to 50 cents gold makes it essential to err on the right (extreme) side. Clearly, the British Treasury can give no fixed undertaking to support the franc at any level, seeing that it is impossible to foresee to what degree of strain the £ will be subjected, but I hope that sufficient encouragement will be given to the French Government, if there is one, to go ahead. A devaluation of the gold bloc will remove the last deflationary force in the world economy. A discussion of the possible reactions on the stock markets must be reserved for another week.

* * *

Mr. Dunning, the able Minister of Finance in Canada, has taken the first step to restore the credit of the Provincial Governments, but I doubt whether he has gone far enough. Perhaps he does not realise to what depths the credit of certain Provinces and Municipalities had sunk in the eyes of London. The British investor will not hasten to forget that about a year ago the holders of Vancouver bonds were "invited" to accept a 50 per cent. cut in their coupons and that the Ontario Government followed with a repudiation of the contracts made in 1926 between the Hydro-Electric Commission of Ontario and four Quebec power companies whose debt had been in part "placed" in London. Australian States, even in their darkest days of depression, never stooped so low as to repudiate and legalise the repudiation of standing contracts. Then, Alberta has adopted "social credit," and even if this departure from the orthodox is never put into practice, it cannot fail to frighten the conservative bondholder. Apart from sundry experiments in financial bolshevism, everyone knows that the four Western Provinces are bankrupt, as Mr. R. B. Bennett publicly confessed last November, and have borrowed from the Dominion Government to the tune of $86 millions (Manitoba $11.6, Saskatchewan $39.6, Alberta $17.5 and British Columbia $17.3 millions). The only reason why the bonds of the Provincial and Municipal Governments are quoted in London to give yields "as respectable" as those shown in the following table is the conviction of the British investor that the Dominion Government will never tolerate their default:

	Price.	Gross Yield % Flat.	Redemption.
Alberta Province 5% 1962/7 ..	95½	£5 5 6	£5 7 0
British Columbia Province 5% 1957/67	105	£4 16 0	£4 13 9
Saskatchewan Province 4½% 1954	97¼	£4 12 9	£4 15 0
Manitoba Province 4½% 1953..	102¼	£4 9 0	£4 8 3
Quebec Province 4½% 1954 ..	112¾	£4 0 0	£3 10 9
Ontario Province 4½% 1945/65..	108	£4 3 6	£3 9 9
Vancouver 4½% 1953	88x.d.	£5 2 3	£5 12 0

* * *

At the National Financial Committee in Ottawa Mr. Dunning proposed that Provinces requiring Dominion assistance should set up Loan Councils, consisting of the Federal Finance Minister, the Governor of the Bank of Canada and the Treasurer of the Province, which should be empowered to control new borrowing and to approve the refunding of existing provincial issues by new loans bearing lower rates of interest and a Dominion Government guarantee. As security for the Federal guarantee the Provinces would be required to allocate the annual subsidies they receive from the Dominion Treasury and, if these amounts were insufficient, to earmark other sources of revenue such as the Provincial income tax. Mr. Dunning also proposed that a National Loan Council should be appointed to co-ordinate the work of the Provincial Loan Councils. This proposal is likely to go through in spite of the blow to Provincial prestige, and Mr. Dunning deserves credit for such an important measure of financial reform. Nevertheless, it is a pity that the Australian plan was not adopted, namely, a general refunding of internal debt and the pooling of provincial obligations backed by Federal guarantees. The Canadian debt problem may not be as serious as that of Australia but it is depressing enough. Since 1931 Canadian indebtedness has increased by a figure in excess of the total pre-war indebtedness. The total Federal debt, direct and guaranteed, is now $3,782 millions, the total Provincial Government debt $1,602 millions, and the total Municipal debt $1,500 millions. Apart from the loans required to finance the Provincial Governments and to provide relief for the unemployed, the Dominion Government finances have to stand the appalling drain of the Canadian National Railways. Between 1919 and 1934 the total deficit of the Canadian National Railways amounted to the fabulous figure of $1,000 millions.

* * *

Nevertheless, the credit of the Federal Government stands deservedly high in London. Indeed, there is a sound reason why the British investor should have no qualms about Canadian Dominion credit, for apart from the financial probity of the Federal Government the balance of payments between Canada and Great Britain is very much in Canada's favour. Canada exports to Great Britain $170 millions worth of goods in excess of the amount she imports. Further, she exports about $94 millions of gold. The total British debt of the Federal Government is only $600 millions. It will therefore be seen that there is no economic ground for any default on Canadian Federal obligations to this country. The total net investment by Great Britain in Canadian Government bonds and Canadian enterprises is approximately $2,239 millions, which does not involve any difficult transfer problem. Mr. Dunning, I hope, will go on to clean up the railway situation when he has finished with the debt.

* * *

An extraordinary discrepancy still exists between the price of Consolidated Signal Ordinary shares at 85*s*. and Westinghouse Brake and Signal ordinary shares at 60*s*. The Consolidated Signal Company's sole asset is a holding of 391,112 shares of Westinghouse Brake and Signal—now valued in the market at £1,174,000. Deducting the amount of preference capital outstanding at par (£214,195) the paper break-up value of Consolidated Signal ordinary shares is 127*s*. 6*d*. Of course, allowance must be made for the fact that the dividend of 10 per cent. declared by Westinghouse Brake and Signal is not translated immediately into dividends on the Consolidated Signal ordinary shares for the arrears of dividend on the preference shares have first to be met. In another twelve months, however, a 10 per cent. dividend paid by Westinghouse Brake and Signal will be equivalent to a dividend of 17.4 per cent. on Consolidated Signal Ordinary, and a dividend of 15 per cent. (as I anticipated for Westinghouse for 1936) will be equivalent to 30.4 per cent. I would not so much sell Westinghouse as buy Consolidated Signal at present prices.

L. W. PENDRED

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Company Meetings

MICHAEL NAIRN & GREENWICH

DISTRIBUTION RAISED TO 15 PER CENT.

The Fourteenth Annual General Meeting of Michael Nairn and Greenwich, Ltd., was held on January 17th at Winchester House, E.C.

Sir Michael Nairn, Bt. (the chairman), said that the net revenue derived from investments, interest, etc., for the year 1935 exceeded that of 1934, the figures being £252,088, as against £230,290 for 1934. The results for the past year were highly satisfactory. This holding company for 12 years had maintained a steady dividend of 12½ per cent., but this year the directors were in a position to recommend, in addition, a cash bonus of 2½ per cent. Their subsidiary companies had shared in the increased industrial prosperity in this country in 1935, and it was his hope and belief that the upward trend of trade would continue for many years.

Their oldest subsidiary company, Michael Nairn and Co., was founded in 1847, and the record of these 88 years had been one of steady progress and continued expansion. During that long period the floor-covering trade had been completely transformed, but the Nairn company had never failed to keep ahead of the times.

British Congoleum, Ltd., a comparatively junior subsidiary, had charge of the lower priced felt base floor coverings and was in a position to compete successfully in the sale of those goods, which it was thought at one time might prove a rival to linoleum, which was their main product. Their company in Australia was making satisfactory progress.

The transference of the Greenwich plant to Kirkcaldy was now taking place, but the progress must be a gradual one, and a considerable range of Greenwich linoleum was still being manufactured at Greenwich. The works which the Nairn company had acquired with other assets from the Fife Linoleum Co., Kirkcaldy, were now being completely rebuilt for the manufacture of Greenwich Inlaid Linoleum, and the plant now being installed for that purpose would probably prove to be the most modern in the linoleum world.

He had already expressed the hope that trade would continue to expand for years to come, and he saw no reason why that should not prove to be the case. If the atmosphere of confidence and security should continue and peace be maintained, not only abroad but at home, he saw no reason for the slightest pessimism about the future.

The report was unanimously adopted.

NATIONAL BUILDING SOCIETY

FURTHER SUBSTANTIAL PROGRESS

The Eighty-sixth Annual Meeting of The National Building Society was held at Southern House, London, on January 17th. The Chairman, Mr. Geo. Elkington, J.P., F.R.I.B.A., presiding, said (in part) that the Accounts showed excellent results and satisfactory progress in every direction. The total assets of the Society at the end of the financial year 1935 were £27,281,737, and showed a net increase during the year of £2,394,049. During the year Subscriptions were £4,283,133, and Withdrawals £2,275,248. Members' Capital at the end of the year stood at £24,594, 989, being a net increase of £2,079,537.

Interest had been paid on capital invested prior to 1st June, 1933, at a rate of 4 per cent. free of tax until 31st July, 1935, and 3½ per cent. free of tax until 31st October, 1935. On capital invested subsequent to 1st June, 1933, and prior to 1st May, 1935, interest was paid at a rate of 3½ per cent. free of tax until 31st July, 1935, and 3 per cent. free of tax until 31st October, 1935. On all new money invested after 1st May, 1935, the rate allowed was 3 per cent. free of tax. It had been decided to continue the rebate of one-half per cent. to old borrowers in the financial year ended 31st October, 1935, and as from 1st November, 1935, a general reduction in interest was granted on such accounts. Advances made during the year upon approved freehold and leasehold properties amounted to £5,163,961, and mortgage assets at the end of the year totalled £24,594,553. Additions to the Society's holding of Stock Exchange Securities and Corporation Loans were made during the year, bringing the total to £2,032,513.

The balance of profit was £1,131,435. Payment of interest for the year absorbed £879,149, and the remainder of the year's profit was dealt with by (i) making a further appropriation of £8,196 9s. 5d. to defray the balance of cost incurred in initial stages of the Staff Pension Scheme, (ii) writing off investments, £14,476 0s. 10d., (iii) writing down Premises by £12,500, (iv) the transfer of £92,113 1s. 10d. to Reserve No. 2, (v) the transfer of £125,000 to Reserve No. 1, now £1,125,000.

During the year a number of agencies had been opened in England, Scotland and Northern Ireland, and experience already gained showed that advantage was being taken of this additional service. He also made reference to the increasing prosperity of the country, and expressed the opinion that there would be a continuance in the demand for mortgage accommodation. The Report and Accounts were adopted.

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Light, Power & Electrical Equipment	10%
Property, Building & Allied Trades	7%
Stores, Catering & Foodstuffs	10%
Breweries & Tobacco	5%
Gold Mining	11%
Textiles	4%
Oil	4%
Cinemas	5%
Newspapers & Paper Trades	9%
Miscellaneous	10%

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